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The Sketch

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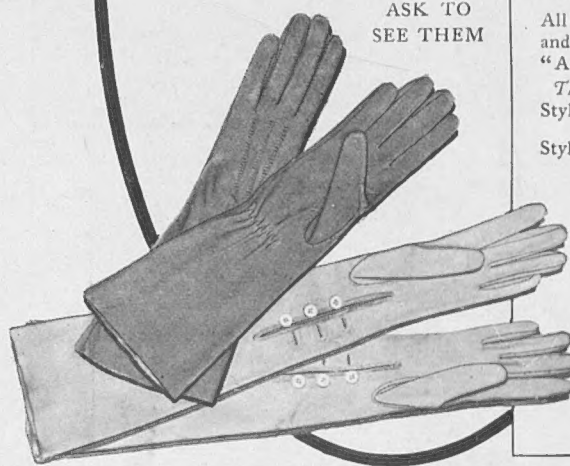
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artificial filling.

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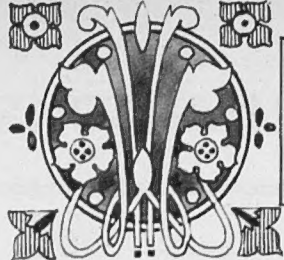
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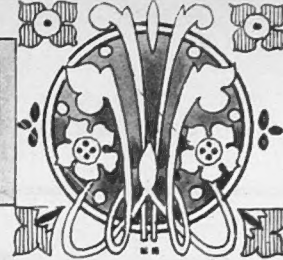
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THE SKETCH

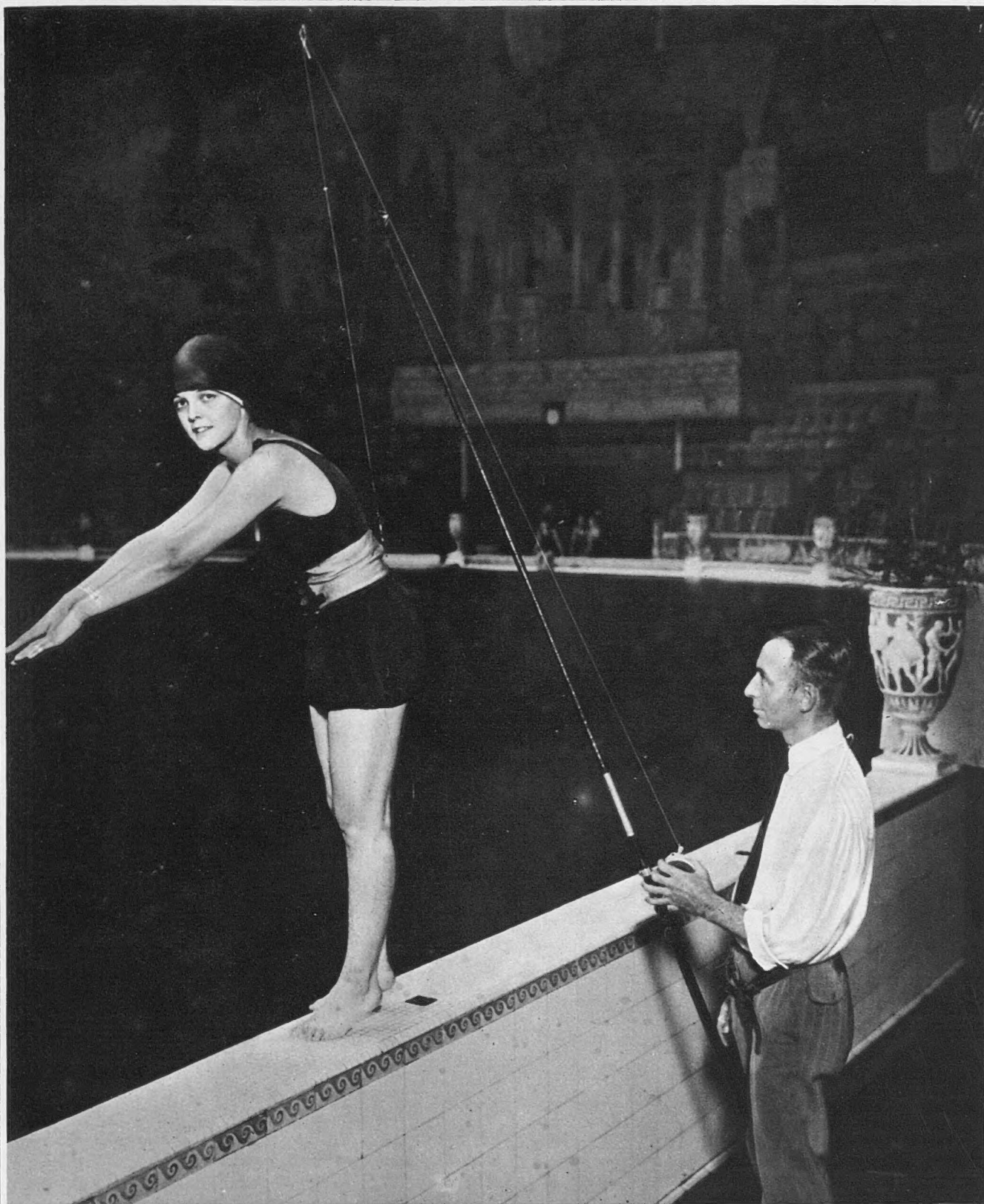


REGISTERED AS A NEWSPAPER FOR TRANSMISSION IN THE UNITED KINGDOM AND TO CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND BY MAGAZINE POST.

No. 1542—Vol. CXIX.

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 16, 1922.

ONE SHILLING.



READY TO BE "PLAYED": THE "MERMAID" BLANCHE MEHAFFEY ON HER LINE.

What is a Mermaid Angling Contest? If you had been at Lake Hopatcong, N.J., a few Saturdays ago, you would have seen one in progress, with Miss Blanche Mehaffey as one of the "mermaids." The game is played by hooking a fair swimmer to a line, and allowing her to get into the water. She is then "played," and

the fisherman who allows his "catch" to swim for the shortest distance before landing her wins the prize. Miss Mehaffey, who was snapped by our photographer at practice in the Madison Square Garden Pool, with her "angling partner," is a member of the Ziegfeld Follies.—[Photograph by G.P.A.]

THE HAMPSHIRE LAWN-TENNIS CHAMPIONSHIPS:



MAJOR
D.R. LARCOMBE,
THE
MANAGER.

CAPT. J.F.
LEWIS,
HUSBAND
OF THE
DUCHESS
OF
WESTMINSTER.

C. HARTLEY,
TOURNAMENT
COMMITTEE.

MISS K.E.
LIDDERDALE,
THE ENGLISH
HOCKEY
INTERNATIONAL,
WHO WON
THE LADIES'
SINGLES
LAST YEAR
&
WITH HER
SISTER,
THE LADIES
DOUBLES

S.R.
YUDDALE,
VICE-CHAIRMAN
OF
TOURNAMENT
COMMITTEE.

ONE OF THE MOST POPULAR OF THE SOUTH COAST

The Bournemouth Lawn-Tennis Club has been established for over forty years. After a sequence of lean years, there followed a great revival in 1897, and the tournament is to-day one of the most popular of the South Coast fixtures. The club has two hundred members and fifteen courts. Dr. Fenwick, Chairman of the Club, has been a very valuable asset, and has contributed largely to its success. The club has two strong players in S. R. Youdale and A. C. G. Campbell, and, mainly due to them, it again holds the Hampshire County Shield, having defeated

SPECIALY DRAWN FOR "THE SKETCH"

CARICATURES OF COMPETITORS AND OFFICIALS.

F. ANGEL.
A
USEFUL
MEMBER OF
THE
TOURNAMENT
COMMITTEE.

C.O. TUCKEY,

WINNER,
(WITH HIS
WIFE)
OF THE
MIXED
DOUBLES
LAST
YEAR.

MRS
TUCKEY.

R. PEYRELONGUE,
WHO PARTNERED
F.M.B. FISHER
IN AN
EXHIBITION
MATCH.

A.C.G. CAMPBELL
ON THE BALL.

H.F.
CROWTHER
SMITH

22.

FIXTURES: ON THE COURTS AT BOURNEMOUTH.

the United Services at Brockenhurst. The semi-finalists in the Men's Singles this year were Mr. F. M. B. Fisher, who knocked out Mr. Peyrelongue in the fifth round; Mr. H. J. Couchman; Mr. G. E. Evered, and Mr. F. Martin. Miss K. Lidderdale played with Mrs. Eyre in the Ladies' Doubles this year; and Mrs. Tuckey, who again competed with her husband in the Mixed, had Mrs. Edgington as a partner in the 'Ladies' Doubles. The tournament yielded very interesting lawn-tennis.

The Jottings of Jane; Being "Sunbeams out of Cucumbers."

The Usual Exodus.

The usual exodus from London for the glorious North.

The usual exodus of yachts from Cowes for Normandy.

The usual hurrying and scurrying from great termini to every corner of the globe;

I saw Lord Revelstoke on his way to Aix-les-Bains to play golf. Lady Bath has also gone to Aix, and Lord Tredegar, Lady Londesborough, Blanche Lady Rosslyn, and Sir Richard and Lady Taylor.

Lord and Lady Cowdray have just returned from a brief visit to Carlsbad, and are shortly going to Dunecht.

Canterbury Cricket Week.

It seems only yesterday we were telling of the old-world beauty of Canterbury. And here we are this year, again trying in the same old way to avoid all mention of St. Thomas à Becket. The Cathedral itself we make no attempt to avoid. There it stands for the delight of a thousand future generations, I hope, whether cricket lives or dies. And, last week, whoever watched the cricket, everyone, sooner or later, found time to take a stroll to explore the ancient crypt, with its little adjoining chapel where the French Huguenots still resident in Canterbury hold their services to this day.

But it is of Chaucer Jane dreams most, and of his motley caravan who journeyed to Canterbury—the old knights and yeomen, the aged prioress, the friar, the merchant, the monk, the Oxford scholar, the manciple, the reeve, the seller of indulgences, the poet himself—

"Thanne longen folk to goon on pilgrimages
And palmeres for to seken
straunge strondes
To ferne halwes kowthe
in sondry londes ;

And specially from every shires
ende
Of Engelond, to Canterbury they
wende

The hooly blisful martir for to seke,
That hem hath holpen when that
they were seeke."

In the middle of my romantic musings it was the insistent guide who brought me back to modern language and modern clothes.

"There," he said, pointing to two fourteenth-century grey stone figures lying on tombs—"they are Lord Derby's ancestors. The lady, she is wearing a jumper."

"A what?" I asked, suddenly brought to earth, tumbling headlong through a dozen centuries.

"A jumper," he reiterated, a little more loudly, suspecting me of deafness. "You know—the sort of knitted thing you've got on yourself. She was the first lady in the world, I expect, to wear a jumper. But, when you come to think of it, she probably copied the coat of the Black Prince."

Then he led me on to the Black Prince's tomb, where, above the canopy, on a cross-beam between two pillars, were suspended the brazen gauntlets, the helmet, the wooden shield with its moulded leather covering, and, surely enough, the old ragged velvet coat in the exact shape of a 1922 lady's jumper, emblazoned with the arms of England and France.

"There is nothing new under the sun," I observed, for lack of a more original remark, as I smoothed out my latest silken garment from the Rue de la Paix. So this was where the creator of our modern comfort gleaned the inspiration.

The seventy-seventh cricket festival on the old St. Lawrence ground called me. It

was, after all, the reason for my own pilgrimage to Canterbury.

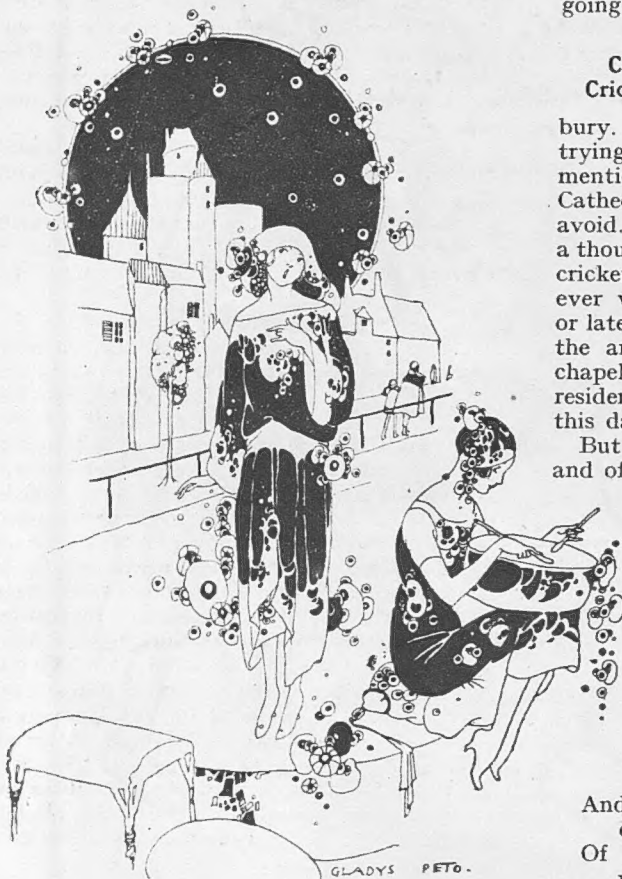
Cricket and Cricketers.

Everyone had lunched in the various tents or in motor-cars or on one of the several picturesque coaches. It was the first day—a more or less sunny day—and from six to eight thousand people had assembled. Who was Jane, to disentangle the names of all the notabilities? Jane did find some of the "Old Stagers," however, who were in a state of suppressed excitement over the coming performance of "Olivia" and "The Naked Truth."

And, of course, Lord Harris was everywhere. It would not be Canterbury Week without him, any more than it would be cricket without the I Zingari Band of Brothers and Mr. Lionel Tennyson.

The 10th Hussars entertained lavishly. The Buffs' band made merry music, and the enclosure was gay with colour. Tents flying the flags of famous clubs, plenty of good things to eat and drink, and—cricket.

But Jane cannot begin to criticise cricket. She watched Mr. Tennyson doing his best to enliven the batting; but most of his energy appeared to be wasted on the empty air. She saw Mr. Brown make one excellent hit,



1. After a day or two's most injudicious gambling, at Quelque-Ville-Sur-Mer, Angela finds herself quite at the end of her resources. She and Kitten therefore give little concerts upon the sands, Kitten attempting to play a drum accompaniment to Angela's classical songs; but the company all hurry away from this regrettable performance.

and, in spite of November weather, the usual August smiles and holiday hearts bursting with hope of sunnier days to come.

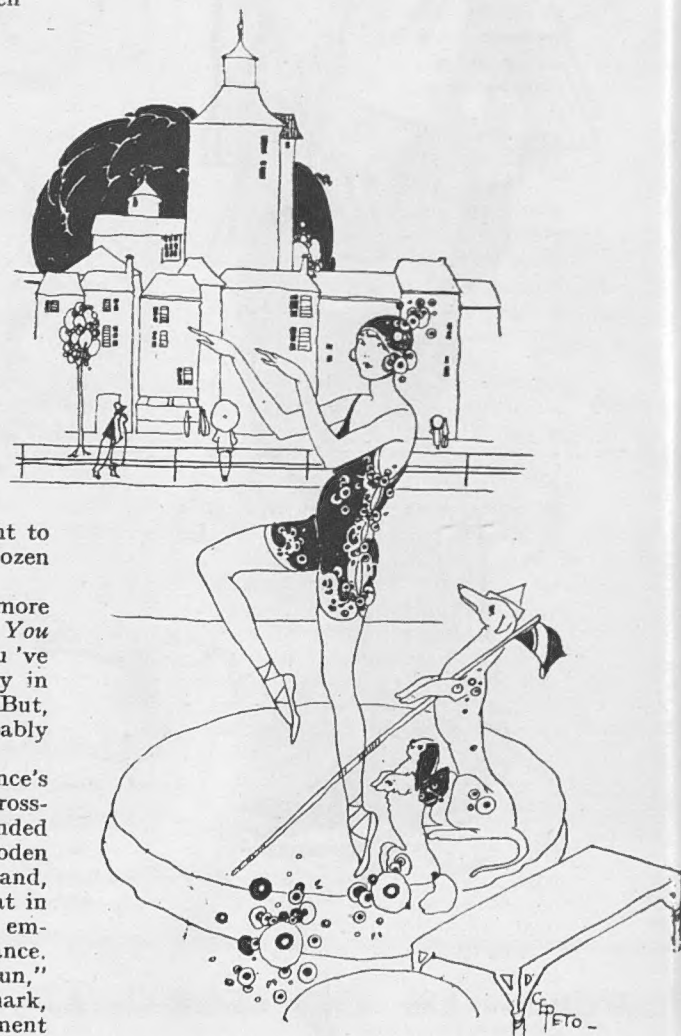
Lord and Lady Fitzwilliam have sailed in their "Shemara" to Deauville, where Lord Dunraven's motor-yacht, "Sona," has just put in for a tentative breathing-while, before going on to the West Coast of Ireland.

Bound for Southsea to visit Lord and Lady Milford Haven, Princess Andrew of Greece began her series of visits in our hospitable country homes. Later, Princess Andrew goes to Holkham, the Norfolk seat of Lord and Lady Leicester.

Holkham—the thought of it cheers one up considerably when you remember the other great English homes now let or closed up, or even sold to war-profiters parvenus. With its old pictures and statuary and famous old gardens and park, Holkham is indeed worthy of the almost feudal state in which Lord and Lady Leicester still live.

Princess Andrew of Greece will return to London for the wedding of Princess Nina of Russia, and it is probable that her two daughters will be bridesmaids.

The Duke of Devonshire's brother, Lord Richard Cavendish, and Lady Moyra Cavendish, have just had a party at Holker Hall, Carnforth, that included, amongst others, the Duchess of St. Albans.



2. Angela decides that this classical concert is above the heads of her audience, and arranges a programme of lighter music, with the darling dogs as comic relief, and herself attired in a bathing dress. This is an utter failure also.

and then play "the tamest of strokes to mid-on off a half-volley—and this from Brown, of all people!" As she overheard a man who really understood exclaim: "Brown! Why, Brown generally hits an over-pitched ball harder than any man in England!" Then Mr. Mead took three solid hours to score his 75, and all Jane's men friends were delighted. "It may be uneventful," they agreed; "but he's so sound."

And this was her own inward verdict on cricket. "It certainly is uneventful. But it



3. Angela therefore sets up as Madame Clair-coue, who foretells the future—with Kitten as the reception lady; and is an enormous success. . .

may be sound." Certainly Mr. R. Aird, who was given practically no chance at Cambridge this year, showed what a fine bat he is. Jane's male companion was enthusiastic about him. But Jane has begun to notice that male companions are usually enthusiastic over something a woman knows nothing about. There is no risk of being contradicted for the sake of argument. For Jane it was rather a silent time. No wonder she wandered back to the Chapter House and through the old grey cloisters and up to St. Anselm's Tower. No wonder she thought grandiloquently in Augustan prose, and even committed a little Georgian poetry which Mr. Eddie Marsh would certainly have published if it were not just a bit too late to be included in his latest collection. But poetry, like jumpers, is only a repetition, after all, of inspirations gleaned from the tombs of our mediæval forefathers, who themselves probably copied the early Saxons, who in their turn but imbibed the threadbare iambics of the Stone Age. Perhaps Man is right. Cricket is more sound—if only Woman understood it. To Jane cricket was almost as archaic as the cloister of the Monks' Infirmary. Her own first cricket match was played at the age of eleven with a junior Eton boy who would only allow her to have three innings to his own one. And as her sum total of runs was two, and as it was the wind every time that blew her skirts into *appearing l.b.w.*, small wonder that her first was also her last experience of the exasperating game.

Lord and Lady Guilford were both at Canterbury with their two younger children, Lady Cynthia North and Mr. John North. They have let their big place near Dover, Waldershare Park, and are living in a small house not far off.

Other News.

At Canterbury Jane heard all the gossip. Everyone still groaning over the great reductions in the Army, pointing to this and that superb-looking officer who was about to be beheaded by the Geddes axe.

Everyone talked in rounded periods about it. There is nothing like burning indignation for bringing out eloquence.

But, musing in the grey cloisters, Jane saw, or imagined she saw, the reason of it. All little things are analogous to the big evolutionary movements that made this world. The splendid men won the war and developed their faculties for "sticking it" (in their own vernacular). Now that their manhood is infinitely more stupendous than that of the big little opportunist creatures, now that they have proved to some super-power their own worth, the old evolutionary system employs them again. It is *they* who must again *make something out of nothing*. They will be led to the brink of despair. And because the word despair does not exist in the vocabulary of the truly great, they will begin again—some new labour or profession or enterprise. And if they want encouragement, they need only look back to those old days before Mons. There was so little reason to hope. Yet they hoped on. And they won through.

Continental Letters.

A letter from Vichy tells of Lord and Lady Wolverton having arrived at the Parc-Majestic. And Lord and Lady Forres are at Aix-les-Bains, where are also Lord and Lady Granard, Mr. Isidore de Lara, Mr. Ogden Mills, and Mrs. Victor Bethell.

Mrs. Loeffler has let her Frinton house this summer, and she and Mr. Loeffler have taken a place in Scotland, where they are entertaining a good deal.

Mrs. Brinton has again let her house near Chichester for the rest of the summer and autumn, and is herself paying visits till October.

When it comes to Lord and Lady Desborough letting Taplow Court, one really feels that we mean what we say when we talk of feeling the super-tax. One might almost as easily believe that Lord Astor had let Cliveden! The question is, who on earth is to pay the heavy rents of these big places now?

Jane envies Sir John and Lady Lavery, who have just departed for several weeks' visit to the island home of Lord Dunraven. I suppose if your island is far enough from the Irish shore, you are safe enough; but they will feel safer for the knowledge that their versatile host holds a Board of Trade extra-master's certificate! It would be useful in the event of an emergency need to sail towards America. Lord Dunraven's yacht, "Cariad," is also most comfortable and well fitted for any adventure. Not that Jane expects them to have adventures.

Lady Limerick was in Ireland a little while ago, and came back full of the kind treatment she had had on all sides. And Mrs. Claire Sheridan had a most enterprising time, I hear, getting interviews with all kinds of people for the American Press. I believe she even saw and talked to De Valera at a time when no one else knew where on earth he was. But all this is the merest hearsay . . . the only kind of idle gossip that reached Jane last week in her country seclusion. And people have developed the habit of attributing all kinds of outlandish feats to Mrs. Sheridan since her Russian adventures and her Rocky Mountain expedition.

Miss Jane Burr.

With Miss Jane Burr in England, heaven knows what may happen to our clothes this winter.

She is an ultra-anarchist in the matter of clothes, as well as in her views on love, marriage, divorce, and domesticity.

She means to visit all Europe dressed in

knickerbockers, with the determination of gaining many disciples to her skirtless road of liberty. But whether the American lady, with her drastic ideas, will have the power in Europe that she dreams of remains to be seen.

Miss Jane Burr revels in "shocks."

More Refreshing Literary Gossip.

It is refreshing to turn to the prospect of reading Lord and Lady Aberdeen's Memoirs, which they are now writing jointly (after considerably more than eight years of married life!).

I also welcome Miss Dorothy Massingham's play, "The Goat," recently produced by the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art; and Miss Vere Hutchinson's first novel, "Sea Wrack," which has already reached a third edition, although it was only published in May.

And for more opinions of Professional Women, I turn with appreciation to Miss Sybil Thorndike's replies to A. S. M. Hutchinson.

Miss Thorndike declares that the mother with a real work in the world outside her home is a much more stimulating influence than the mere home-keeper.

One of the End-of-Season Engagements.

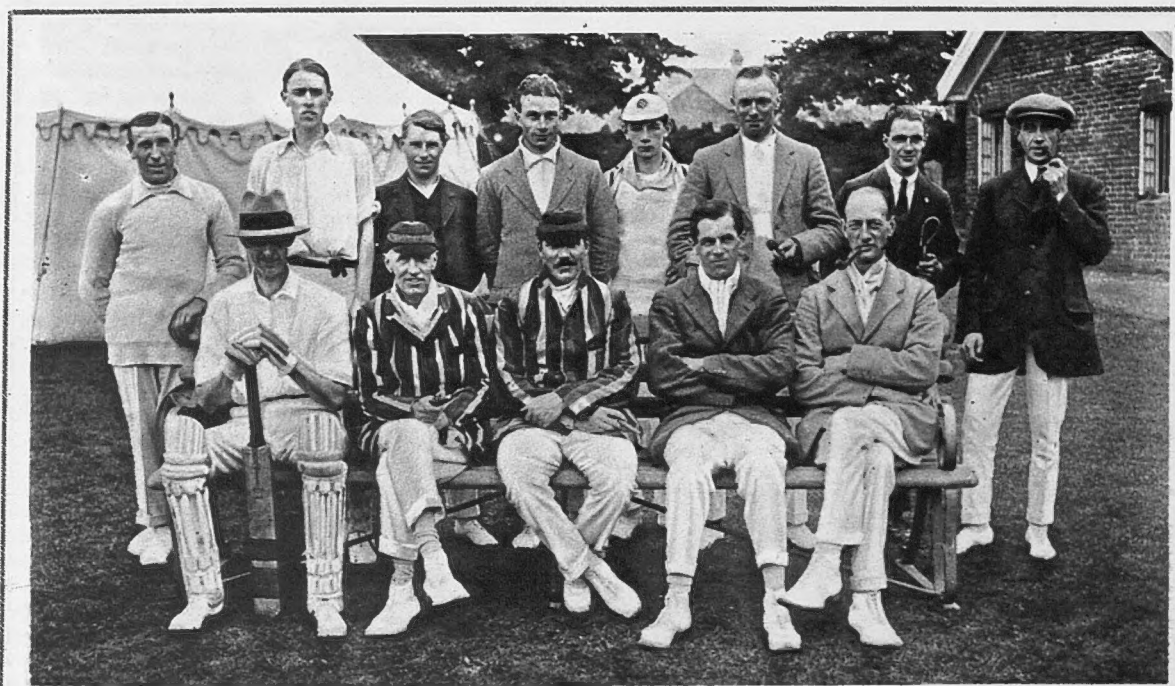
The end of the London season is always supposed to be the right time for the announcement of engagements, and one of the latest to be made public is that of Lord and Lady Heytesbury's younger daughter, Miss Betty à Court. She is only twenty, and is marrying in her first season, as she only came out this year. Miss à Court has not been seen much in town, as she is a passionate devotee of country life. Her father's place is The Green House, Crockerton, Warminster, and he has no town house. Miss à Court is marrying a sailor, Mr. Vivian Robinson. Her father's barony dates from 1828, and was bestowed on Sir William à Court, who was subsequently Ambassador at Petrograd—then St. Petersburg—and Viceroy of Ireland. This distinguished Englishman is the great-grandfather of Miss Betty à Court.

IRREPRESSIBLE JANE.



4. . . . Till they are arrested by gendarmes for presuming to conduct any profession without a licence.

INTER-HUNT CRICKET IN THE WEST COUNTRY:



THE PORTMAN TEAM (FOR NAMES SEE BELOW).



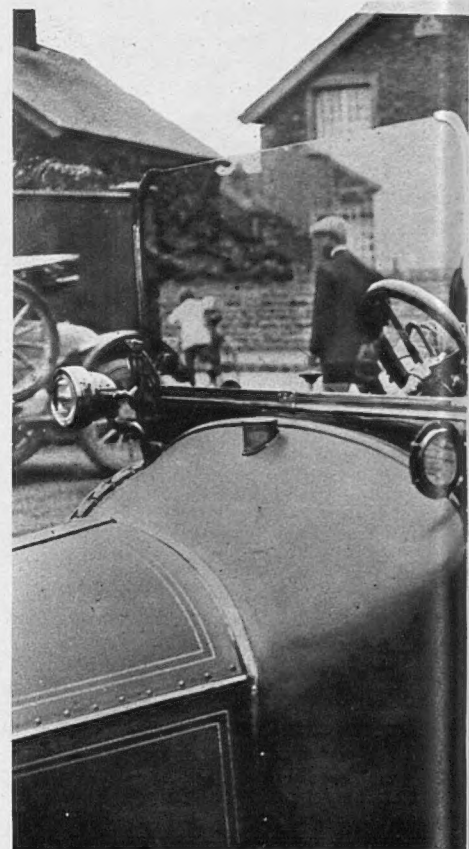
LADY FLORA POORE (SECOND FROM L.)



WITH MRS. CUNNINGHAM: CAPTAIN WYNDHAM GREY JUST OVER FROM POLO PRACTICE.



RETURNING FROM BATTING: CAPTAIN TAYLOR - WHITEHEAD.



WATCHING THE MATCH FROM COLONEL LEARMONTH AND

The series of inter-hunt cricket matches which are taking place in the West Country are causing much interest, and are being played by the Blackmore Vale against other neighbouring hunts. Our photographs show the match between the Blackmore Vale and the Portman. The names in the Portman team group, reading from left to right, are: (standing) Mr. Humphries, Mr. R. Stewart French, Mr. Richard Bach, Mr. Oliver Moss, Mr. Leonard Jones, Captain Meatyard, Mr. Harold Waters, and Mr. E. Sewell (scorer); and (seated), Captain N. Livingstone Learmonth, Major P. W. G. Stewart French, Captain W. Browne, and Dr. Hollick. Moss and Bach are the first and second whips of the Portman, and the umpire was formerly huntsman. The names in the Blackmore Vale team group are, reading from left to right: (standing)

THE BLACKMORE VALE PLAY THE PORTMAN.



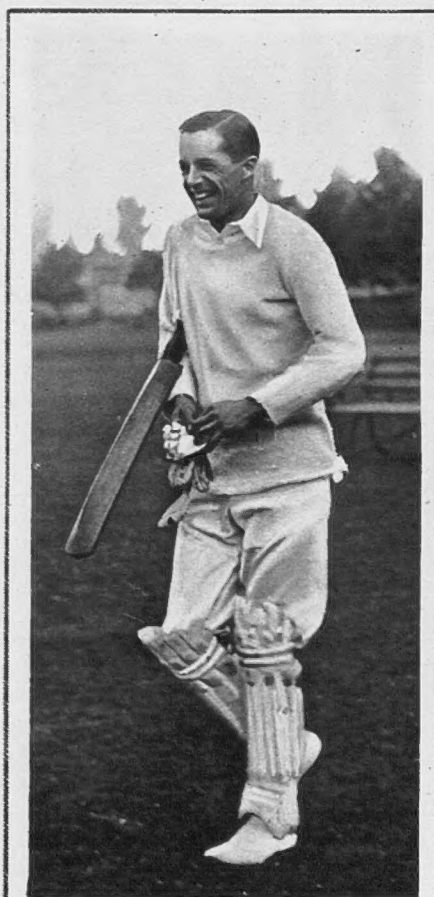
AND LADY JEAN DOUGLAS-HAMILTON.



THE BLACKMORE VALE TEAM (FOR NAMES SEE BELOW).



BROWNRIFF'S CAR: MRS. N. LIVINGSTONE
COLONEL BROWNRIFF.



GOING IN IN HAPPY MOOD: CAPTAIN
BROWNE, MASTER OF THE PORTMAN.



TALKING TO MR. R. STEWART FRENCH: MRS. BROWNE,
WIFE OF THE MASTER OF THE PORTMAN.

Mr. S. Parr (umpire), Mr. H. Morton, Major S. Dickinson, Mr. T. Coulson, Captain C. O'Callaghan, Mr. V. Kennard, Mr. A. W. James, and Mr. G. H. Jones (umpire); and (seated), Mr. T. Eccles, Mr. S. Kennard, Captain Taylor-Whitehead, General R. M. Poore, and Major H. Manger. Captain Taylor-Whitehead was secretary of the Blackmore Vale until recently, when he took over the Joint Mastership of the Sparkford Harriers with Major Manger. Lady Flora Poore is the wife of Brigadier-General R. M. Poore, C.I.E., D.S.O., and the youngest sister of the Duke of Hamilton and Brandon. Lady Jean Douglas-Hamilton is the débutante daughter of the Duke and Duchess of Hamilton, and a niece of Lady Flora Poore; and Mrs. Cunningham is the sister of Major Phipps Hornby, the well-known polo-player.—[Photographs by C.P.]



Motley Notes

By KEBLE HOWARD ("Chicot.")



"INVEST ME IN MY MOTLEY - GIVE ME LEAVE TO SPEAK MY MIND..."

Ned Cleary. One of the most remarkable men I ever knew—and I knew and loved him well—was Edwin Cleary, whose sudden death at Euston Station was announced in my paper this morning.

The great public never knew Cleary, but they could not overlook the things he did. All his enterprises were on the colossal scale. Small affairs did not interest him. His adventures must be world-shaking, with the possibility of a gigantic fortune at the back of them.

Many people will remember "Savage South Africa," at Earl's Court. I did not know him then, but I did know him when he took Olympia, and tried to turn it into a Sporting Winter Club for Londoners. The idea was a good one; but Cleary, as I often told him, failed for lack of attention to details. Olympia was a good example. He caused to be made an enormous "grass" carpet to cover the entire floor. I have no idea what this carpet cost, but it was a beautiful thing. I can see Cleary now, happily driving about on it in his motor-car.

The purpose of the carpet was to enable League football matches to be played at night by artificial light. "Why should people stand in the rain and cold watching football matches?" said Cleary. "I'll give them football in comfort." But he had overlooked one detail. The Leagues would not allow their men to play. Just a small point, but it wrecked the scheme.

Cleary in Paris.

I was in Paris when he came over to induce Paulhan, then the most famous flying man in the world, to go and fly in America under the Cleary banner. Cleary showed me a cheque for five thousand English pounds which he was to pay to Paulhan before he sailed; a similar amount was to be handed to the aviator on arrival.

Cleary was not to benefit financially by the flying meeting at Los Angeles, but had the right to tour Paulhan through the States after he had flown at Los Angeles. He was very excited, and certain of a great fortune.

Cleary, of course, could do nothing without a banquet. He gave a wonderful feast at the Hotel Mirabeau, to which he invited all the leading French, English, and American journalists. Cleary made a series of speeches in all three languages. Paulhan brought his old father to the dinner, and endeavoured to explain to the aged gentleman in French what Cleary was saying in racy Irish-American.

A few days later they sailed. On landing in America, Cleary was served with a writ from the Wright Brothers, who claimed certain patents in connection with Paulhan's machine. Paulhan was allowed to fly at

Los Angeles, but nowhere else in the States. So Cleary never "touched" at all. Once again an important detail had escaped that fertile, energetic, romantic mind.

The Undaunted "Blue-Eyed One."

Cleary was never daunted. He returned to England with a terrific scheme for making a fortune that would stagger humanity. He had credible information that much gold was to be found in Iceland by anyone who would take the

if there was, he abandoned the quest. But he got to know the whole of the population in Iceland, and conceived the idea of building a harbour for the Scandinavian fishermen to shelter in and land their catches. It was to cost £60,000. Cleary was enthusiastic about it, but presumably failed to raise the capital.

He next turned his attention to Victoria Station. He was going to build a gigantic pleasure place for Londoners on the roof of Victoria Station. Some plans, I think, were published. But the war put a stop to that, and Cleary became a war correspondent.

The last time I saw him he told me he had had two strokes. "But they can't kill the Blue-Eyed One," he added.

And now, suddenly, he has gone—"hurrying to catch a train for Birmingham." It was just the way he would have wished.

A great spirit. A hurricane of adventure and good-fellowship. A personality that defies description, or imitation, or repetition.

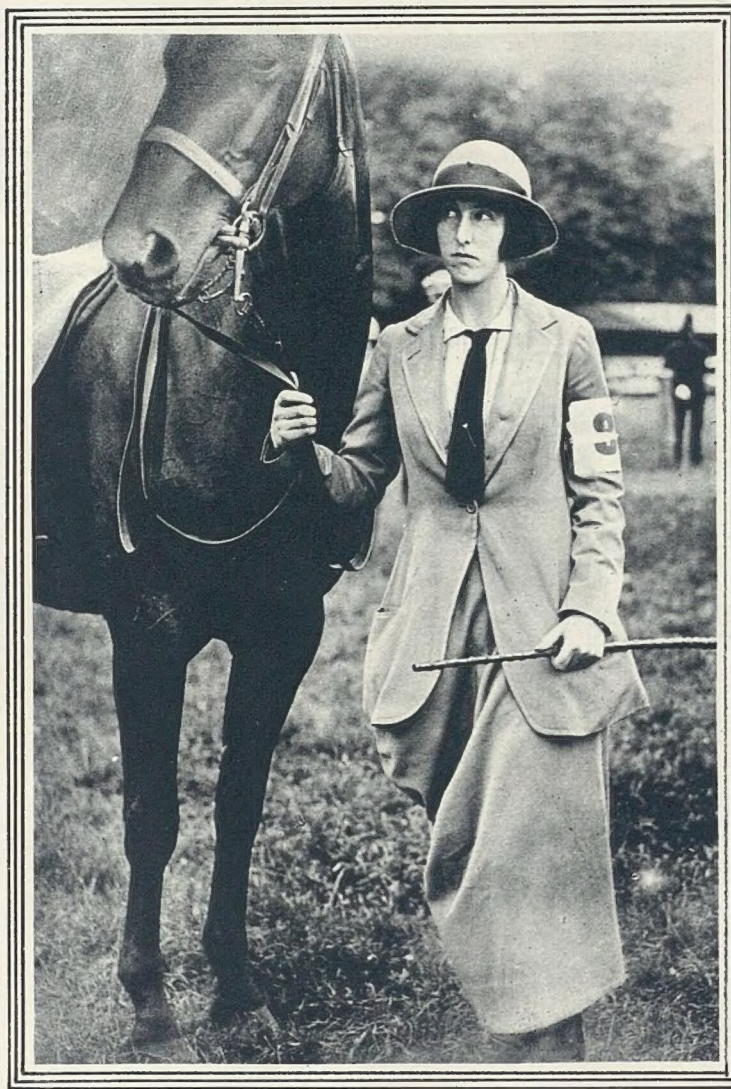
Of most men we say, "May he rest in peace." Nobody who knew Cleary would ever write those words over his grave. Cleary will never rest. He will arrive in the next world with some gigantic scheme for improving it beyond recognition. If the gates of heaven are narrow, he will certainly try to get them widened. A comforting thought for his pals.

A Poem from Whimple.

A correspondent has sent me a little book that comes from Whimple, in Devonshire. It is a pretty little book, partly in verse and partly in prose. The verse sings a song of cider, and the prose tells you how the house of Whiteway has made cider ever since 1451. When William of Orange landed at Torbay he proceeded at once to Whimple, where he found the Whiteways peacefully pruning their apple-trees. It is on record that William of Orange and Whiteway of Apple became fast friends.

Mr. Thomas Hardy, who lives in that neighbourhood, is a great drinker of cider. He may even have written this booklet, but his name is not attached to the poem.

Scoffers may not be aware that you can make a liqueur from apples. "Devon Apple Wein" is the foundation of it, and I am told that the effect is "decidedly interesting." When the cricket season is over, therefore, I propose to journey as far as Whimple. Doubtless I shall find Mr. Hardy smoking his pipe in one of the orchards.



WITH HER PRIZE-WINNING TARA: LADY DIANA SOMERSET.

Lady Diana Somerset, the unmarried daughter of the Duke and Duchess of Beaufort, won a prize in the Open Hunters Class with her Tara at the Beaufort Hunt Show, held at Badminton.—[Photograph by C.N.]

trouble to dig it up. He invited me to accompany him to Iceland, and I was greatly tempted. Iceland is only one week's journey from Scotland. But work intervened, and Cleary sailed off alone.

I still have picture postcards from him in Iceland. In one he is holding up by the legs an enormous bird which he had shot. The bird was as big as himself. He never went for anything small.

There was no gold to be had; at any rate,

This Week's Studdy.



"BEAVER!"

SPECIALLY DRAWN FOR "THE SKETCH" BY G. E. STUDDY.

NOTE: The Studdy Dog Portfolio, containing fifteen of the most famous of the Dog Studies by Studdy which have appeared in the "Sketch," printed in colours, on thick paper, and suitable for framing, is now on sale, price 2s.

The American-Born Wife of a Thirteenth Baron.



FORMERLY MISS GRACE DOUGLASS PIERCE : LADY TORPHICHEN.

Lady Torphichen is the wife of the thirteenth Baron Torphichen, and the daughter of Mr. Winslow Pierce, of Bayville, Long Island, New York. She was married in 1916, and has one son, the Hon. James Bruce Sandilands, who was born in 1917. The family of Sandilands is descended

from Sir James Sandilands, eighth feudal Baron of Calder, a Knight of Malta and Chief of that Order in Scotland. He resigned the property of the Knights of St. John to Queen Mary, and was created Baron St. John of Torphichen in 1564.

FROM THE DRAWING BY LEO KLIN.

The Beautiful Wife of a Young Politician.



THE SECOND DAUGHTER OF MARQUESS CURZON OF KEDLESTON: LADY CYNTHIA MOSLEY.

Lady Cynthia Mosley is the second of Marquess Curzon's three daughters by his first marriage. She was married to Mr. Oswald Ernest Mosley, M.P., eldest son of Sir Oswald Mosley, fifth Baronet, of Ancoats, Lancashire, and of Rolleston, Staffordshire, in 1920, and has

a little girl, Miss Vivien Elizabeth Mosley, who was born last year. Mr. Mosley is a clever young man, and has represented the Harrow Division of Middlesex since 1918. He and Lady Cynthia have a town house in Smith Square, Westminster, and are very popular in Society.

FROM THE DRAWING BY LEO KLIN.

The Modern Girl—From an Artist's Sketch-Book.



III.—AT HER TOILET.

PAINTED FOR "THE SKETCH" BY BARRIBAL.

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Best Seller as Play: "If Winter Comes" on the Stage.



MARK SABRE WITH NONA (LADY TYBAR) AND MABEL: MISS MARIE POLINI, MR. OWEN NARES, AND MISS GRACE LANE (L. TO R.).



THE HERO AND HEROINE OF MR. HUTCHINSON'S FAMOUS BOOK COME TO LIFE: MR. OWEN NARES AND MISS MARIE POLINI AS MARK AND NONA.

Mr. Macdonald Hastings' dramatic version of "If Winter Comes," Mr. Hutchinson's "best seller" novel, which has been read all over the world, was produced at Margate with Mr. Owen Nares as Mark, playing "opposite" his wife, Miss Marie Polini, as the brilliant and tender-hearted Lady Tybar, and with Miss Grace Lane as the singularly unpleasant Mabel Sabre. It was necessary to alter the story of the famous novel in order to turn it into



AS NONA AND MARK SABRE: MRS. OWEN NARES (MISS MARIE POLINI) AND HER HUSBAND, MR. OWEN NARES.

a play, and Mabel is made to elope with Major Millet in the dramatic version. On the whole, however, Mr. Macdonald Hastings has followed Mr. Hutchinson as closely as possible, and has retained the main incidents of the novel and skilfully employed Mr. Hutchinson's dialogue. The many admirers of "If Winter Comes" will rejoice over the materialisation of Mark Sabre, Nona, and the other unforgettable characters of the wonderful novel.



HIS M

FROM THE SALON DRAWING, "ANGORA"

This magnificent drawing of a cat was exhibited in this year's Salon, and is an excellent example of the work of M. Ferdinand.
"Sketch" reader interested may care to know that the original from



ESTY.

COUCHÉ," BY FERDINAND HENRI OGER.

Henri Oger, the well-known French artist and pupil of Frémiet. It is very difficult to obtain copies of "Angora Couché"; so any which we made our reproduction can be purchased at our office.



A Golfer's Elegy.

If ever the Poet Laureate of the links—whoever may claim that title—decides to write an elegy under the inscription of "The Golfer's Lament," the burden of it will be: "I was playing rather well for me, but I couldn't hole a putt." Any one of us with a lengthy experience of golf must have listened to explanations by hundreds—even thousands—of players, as to how they came to be beaten in a match. As a rule, they have hit some great drives, some very fine iron shots, some masterly mashie shots—all described in detail. Then always has come the mournful tag: "But I couldn't hole a putt."

One of Life's Mysteries.

Why it is that the business of knocking a ball into a hole from a distance of a few feet—or even a few yards—abounds in difficulties and terrors is one of the little mysteries of life. The diameter of the hole is nearly three times that of the ball. Could anybody reasonably ask for more space? A billiard-player has to direct his ball through the jaws of a pocket only just wide enough to allow it a passage, and that after the distraction of cannoning off another ball on the way. Yet the fact remains that the golf putt, even though it measure no more than a yard, never ceases to be a source of misgiving and frustration. An equally interesting point is that good billiard-players, most of whom have tried their skill on the links, are usually very moderate putters. Mr. Sidney Fry is the notable exception.

The Hidden Key.

Always is there lurking in the mind of the golfer a feeling that nobody has yet probed the secret of successful putting to its innermost recesses. Consequently, the individual with an interesting theory can be certain of an attentive audience. For originality, I know of no system more engaging than that which Sir Richard Cruise, the well-known ophthalmist, described to me during a French open amateur championship in which he was competing at Versailles. It was a system, too, which certainly produced astonishingly good results, so far as he was concerned. I remember that, in the round before the semi-final, he lost only on the last green to a player who was considerably his superior in every department of the game, except putting—Mr. T. D. Armour, now in America, who won that championship by beating Mr. C. J. H. Tolley in the final.

Glamour. It ought to be said that Sir Richard Cruise had a very enchanting kind of putter. It was an original Philp—a specimen of the crafts-

manship of that famous club-maker who flourished at St. Andrews the best part of a century ago, and whose wooden putters have no superiors to-day in the refinement of their construction. It was Hugh Philp who first showed that an implement for use on the links need not be thick and heavy, and generally intractable. So far as concerned the manufacture of golf clubs, he brought about a revolution from clumsiness to grace and elegance, and although most of the few genuine specimens of his work that still exist are sacred to golf museums, Sir Richard Cruise resolved upon the practical step of using his relic in present-day golf. Moreover, he gave it a touch of modernity by making a line across the top of the head, from front to back, so as to set it for the line to the hole.



ON THE LINKS AT NORTH BERWICK: LORD HOLLENDEN.

Lord Hollenden, who is the first Baron, is the eldest son of the late Mr. Samuel Morley, J.P., M.P. He was a Governor of the Bank of England from 1893-5, and was raised to the Peerage in 1912.

Photograph by Balmain.

A Ritual in Compartments.

His theories about putting—which, be it remembered, give him remarkably successful results—are based on the principle of allotting to each part of the operation its proper proportion of attention, no more and no less. He makes your hair stand almost on end when he quotes the percentages—40 per cent. for securing the correct direction, 40 per cent. for obtaining eye and muscular co-ordination, and 20 per cent. for judging the required strength of the shot. However, there is the system, and it has to be judged by what he makes of it. First he fixes upon the direction of the stroke, and, taking the club in the left hand only, grounds it behind the ball, so that the line across the top of the putter is a continuation of the line of the putt. This is a 40 per cent. operation. Having settled the

question of direction, he dismisses it from his mind, and turns his attention to eye and muscular co-ordination.

Strength a Minor Detail.

He places his right hand on the club, and then turns the toes of both feet well outwards. The idea of this is to promote steadiness of stance. In a wind, for instance, you will not be blown off your balance, he says, if you have both feet pointing outwards, because, whichever way the wind happens to be blowing, one foot or the other will resist it and keep you firm. The next process is to allow all the muscles of the body to relax so that the position is one of perfect ease. There must not be anywhere a muscle in a state of tautness. The eye and the muscles are now co-ordinated; this is another 40 per cent. The business of judging the strength

of the shot—which is the main concern of most people—is, declares Sir Richard, the least important detail of all. He allots only 20 per cent. to it. If you have obtained the correct line and co-ordinated your eyes and muscles, almost any strength within reason will do, because you have two chances—either going in to the hole or hitting the back of the hole and stopping close beside it. So he leaves the strength till last, and does not waste much time over it.

The Importance of Order.

Under the Cruise system, you do not bother your head about the much-vaunted pendulum swing. The idea of making the putter swing backwards and forwards like the pendulum of a clock is, says Sir Richard, a delusion; for the reason that it is a physical impossibility, the action of the wrists being both rotary and lateral. I suppose it needs an individual with a mathematical brain to putt with this cold-blooded regard for orderly procedure. To remember to do it all in the right sequence when one had a putt of five feet on the last green to save the match would be a triumph. Still, it may be that the reason



AN ENTHUSIASTIC GOLFER AT NORTH BERWICK: SIR GEORGE RHODES, BT.

Sir George Rhodes is the first Baronet. He is a widower and has two sons and one daughter. His son-in-law is the Rt. Hon. James Ian Macpherson, P.C., K.C., M.P.

Photograph by Balmain.

so many putts are missed is that while most people have what they are pleased to call their methods, very few have an orderly arrangement. The average golfer sometimes thinks first of the direction of the shot; on other occasions he worries primarily about the strength; and very often he has the two things conflicting in his mind. If only he would say to himself: "Now the first 40 per cent. must be..."



A WELL-KNOWN AMERICAN LADY GOLFER AT NORTH BERWICK: MISS HUNNEWELL CHATTING TO MR. DE ZOETE.

Photograph by Balmain.

Golf Enthusiasts All: North Berwick Snapshots.



ABOUT TO TAKE A PRACTICE SWING:
MRS. MENZIES.



WITH LADY AUDREY: DR. ROSS
MACDONALD.



WITH HIS STEP-DAUGHTER, MISS MARGERY
CROSS: LORD HAWKE.



WITH HER SISTER, MISS TEMPLE:
MRS. JOHN WALLACE.



AT THE STARTER'S BOX:
MRS. LAMBSTON.



WITH MRS. ARTHUR GROOM:
MRS. HATTON.



WAITING THEIR TURN TO START: THE HON.
J. M. AND MRS. BALFOUR.



FORMERLY MISS MABEL RUSSELL:
MRS. HILTON PHILIPSON.



WITH MRS. KNOX: MR. KNOX
OF DALRY.

North Berwick still holds its place as premier favourite among Scottish golfing centres, and Society has already assembled there. Mrs. Menzies' has taken Sir George Clerk's House, Westbrook; Lord and Lady Hawke are already at their house, Glasclune, with Lady Hawke's daughter, Miss Margery Cross. She is a keen golfer, and our photographer snapped her when playing a round

with her step-father. Mrs. John Wallace is the wife of Mr. John Wallace, M.P. for Dunfermline Burghs; and the Hon. James Moncrieff Balfour, O.B.E., is the half-brother of Lord Kinross. He married Miss Madeline Maude Graham, daughter of Mr. James Graham Watson of Kingston Grange, Midlothian. Mrs. Hilton Philipson is a one-time stage favourite.—[Photographs by Balmain.]



The Literary Lounger. By Keble Howard.

Novels of the Theatre.

One of the world's great difficulties, apparently, is to write a good novel of theatrical life. The author who bravely attempts the task must decide, before he sets out, whether his story is to deal with the theatre as it really is, or whether he will present the kind of picture that the public loves and has come to expect.

If he writes of the theatre as it is, the public will probably think his book dull and

the greatest realistic writers in the English language.

Mr. Moore, I believe, obtained his material for "A Mummer's Wife" by accompanying a tour of the English provinces. There was nothing splendid about the tour. It was not the triumphal march of a Henry Irving. It was just a small tour of a struggling company.

As I say, the result was a fine book, but it gives a very limited view of stage life. Drink played a leading part in it. I write from memory, but I believe the lady took to drink to drown her sorrows, and had the habit of concealing the empty bottles in the chimney. When intoxicated, if I am not mistaken, she would tear her husband's face with her nails.

Now, that is all very well as far as it goes, but it is not typical of stage life as a whole, nor even typical of stage life in small provincial towns. Fine book though it is, "A Mummer's Wife" is not fair to the theatrical profession. Mr. Moore should have given us light as well as gloom.

"Heartbeat."

The latest novel of the stage to come my way is a story called "Heartbeat," by Stacy Aumonier. Here again we have a section of theatrical life—the section that provides light-hearted, go-as-you-please shows for the public. Neither of the principal characters, as it happens, knows much about the theatre. The man drifts into this form of entertainment after idling about the world with plenty of money in his pocket, and the girl is the illegitimate daughter of an unsuccessful provincial actress and a

London after-dinner Cabinet Minister. Such unions are probably rare; but, as Alice said of the treacle-well, "There may be one." Believe as heartily as you may, however, in Barbara's origin, it is difficult to believe in the show that Barbara's husband was in the habit of giving to the London public.

"The whole thing was a wonderful example of 'pep.' There were no waste spaces or holes. Nothing was sacrificed to sentimentality of association. Everything was fined down, worked at, polished till there was not a phrase or note that would not tell."

One can only ask, where is that entertainment to be seen? Many people would

be glad to know. Even the revue-makers themselves do not claim such perfection. Indeed, one of them was recently so candid as to call his show "The Curate's Egg," which may have meant that the parts were good, but was generally accepted on the literal lines of the dear old story.

Murder!

Then there is a murder in the book. Barbara falls in love with her husband's private secretary and visits him at his rooms in the Fulham Road. The husband finds them together, and murders the secretary by jabbing at him with a broken vase.

I doubt if this, again, is typical of theatrical life in this country. There are intrigues, of course, as in all other walks of life; but human murder in the theatrical business is rare. The comedian would have divorced Barbara, the suit would have been undefended, and half-a-dozen lines in the paper is all that the public would have known of the business. It is not good for the stage that the public should get to think of theatrical people cutting each other's throats with broken vases in the Fulham Road. Allow me to assure you, Madam, that it is seldom done.

The best thing in the book, in my humble opinion, is the character of the girl Isabel. Isabel is one of those girls who start out in life with good looks, good figures, high spirits, generous hearts, and very little talent. For a time they swim easily—they swim too easily. Money comes to them too easily. They are generous to a fault, never thinking of the day when their looks will begin to fail them, and nothing but technique and industry will take the place of looks.

The Creed of Isabel.

The dialogue between Barbara and Isabel when Barbara was asked in marriage by her comedian gives you Isabel in a nutshell:

"You know I lunched with George Champneys the day before yesterday, darling? Well, I haven't told you—he proposed to me!"

[Continued overleaf.]



CANTERBURY CRICKET WEEK: THE EARL OF GUILFORD'S PARTY.

Our photograph shows the Earl of Guilford's party watching the play. The names, reading from left to right, are: Lady Guilford, the Earl of Guilford, Lady Cynthia North, Lord Guilford's only daughter; and the Hon. John North, his second son.—[Photograph by S. and G.]

technical. The public is not interested, for example, in the evolution of a play. The public wants its story of stage life to be stuffed with romance, excitement, success, and naughtiness. Above all, young women must achieve fame and fortune at a single bound.

It is quite true that young women on the stage—and even young men—do, occasionally, "spring into fame." But that is not the interesting part of their story. It is merely the climax. The interesting part is the struggle that preceded the victory. In ninety-nine instances out of a hundred there has been a struggle—a long, hard struggle. But the novel-reading public as a whole does not want to hear about that.

I have in mind the case of an actress who glided into fame on a single night. She had been waiting for the right part to come along. She waited for seventy years. At seventy years of age she was still working away at small parts for a small salary. And then, quite suddenly and unexpectedly, came success, good parts, fame, and comparative affluence. At seventy years of age.

There's romance in that, but not the sort of romance the public want in their novels. They want the unknown girl who leaps to the top of the ladder in a single night by (1) her beauty, and (2) her genius.

Limited Observation.

The average stage novel gives a very limited picture of stage life, because the average novelist has observed very little of the stage. He does not know all sides. Mr. George Moore once wrote a very fine novel called "A Mummer's Wife." It is a fine novel because Mr. George Moore is one of



CANTERBURY CRICKET WEEK: THE HON. MRS. HARRIS, LORD HARRIS, CAPTAIN THE HON. GEORGE HARRIS, STEPHEN COHEN, LADY COHEN, AND SIR HERBERT COHEN (L. TO R.).

Lord Harris, the famous veteran cricketer who played for Kent for a period of over thirty-five years, and is the Chairman of the Committee of the Kent County Cricket Club, is shown in our snapshot with his son, Captain the Hon. George Harris, and his daughter-in-law, the Hon. Mrs. George Harris, who was formerly Miss Mary Crookes. Sir Herbert Cohen is the second Baronet, and Master Stephen Cohen is his younger son.—[Photograph by S. and G.]

The Woman Preacher in the Pulpit.



AS SHE APPEARS AT THE GUILD HOUSE, ECCLESTON SQUARE: MISS MAUDE ROYDEN.

Miss Maude Royden, the well-known woman preacher and lecturer on religious and social subjects, is the youngest daughter of the late Sir Thomas Royden, first Baronet, and was born in 1876. She has always been keenly interested in the Feminist movement, and went on to the executive of the National Union of Women's Suffrage Societies in 1908. She was Assistant Preacher at the City Temple from 1917-1920, and is, with Dr. Percy Dearmer, the founder of the Fellowship Services in Kensington, which have now been transferred

to the Guild House, Eccleston Square. She is a very clever woman, and was at one time Lecturer in English Literature to the Oxford Extension Delegacy. Her publications include "Women and the Sovereign State"; "Sex and Common Sense," etc., and she edited "The Common Cause" till 1914. Miss Royden is a very eloquent speaker, and has recently been delivering lectures in the United States. When in the pulpit she wears a picturesque biretta and dark gown with a white collar.—[Photograph by Beatrice Cunliffe.]

Continued.

"Isabel sat up in bed, her eyes vividly awake at last.

"He proposed to you! What—marriage?"

"Yes, of course."

"My God!"

"What do you think, Isabel?"

"You lucky little devil!"

"Would you marry him?"

"Marry him! Of course, you'll marry him. You are the luckiest little devil I've ever struck."

"But listen, darling. That's what I want to talk to you about. You see, I'm very fond of him, very fond of him indeed—he's a perfect dear; but I don't love him, you know—not really. I don't feel I want him. I don't love him as much as I do you, darling."

"My Lord! do you realise what this means? It means 'lead' for you for ever, and you can wangle all your pals into fat parts. It means—you're made. George is rich. You'll have a big house, and a car, and dine at the Savoy and the Carlton. You'll get into all the papers. You'll be another May Mendelssohn without having to push for it like she's had to. Oh, you lucky little wretch!"

And Barbara takes Isabel's advice, which leads, ultimately, to the Fulham Road.

I think the author of "Heartbeat" could have written a very good story about Isabel—her beginnings, her tiny success, and her decline. It is not too late to do it now. If he avoided "high lights"—impossibly perfect shows, and murders, and intrigues with Cabinet Ministers—it might easily come out as a very fine novel of stage life. Well, no; not of stage life, but of a life influenced by the stage, which is so dangerously kind to youth and good looks.

"Three Soldiers." I gather from the publisher's notes that John Dos Passos, the author of "Three Soldiers," has been "recognised by many of the leading critics in America as a man of genius." The marvel to me is that he was not recognised by all the critics in America as a man of genius. If ever genius stuck out of a printed page, if ever genius clawed at you, shouted at you, made itself felt beyond any possibility of mistake, it does so in this extraordinary book.

"Three Soldiers" has an interest for the English reader quite apart from its character-drawing or its literary style. Here, for the first time, we get an intimate picture of the Americans at the war. We get to know the American soldier as well as we knew the Tommy.

We learn, to our astonishment, that the American soldier had grievances. That some of his officers were autocratic! That the sons of this free and enlightened country were often dealt with unjustly; that the penalty for desertion and "taking off your uniform," even when the war was all over and finished, was imprisonment and ghastly labour for twenty years!

If I were an American, this book would make my blood boil over. I should want to know, first of all, if these terrible things were true; if I found them supported by evidence that seemed trustworthy, I should want to fix the responsibility.

Russia or America?

Here is a scene that American readers will find bitter to swallow. A young fellow, Andrews, having been through the war, gets sick of waiting for a holiday, and foolishly takes one without leave. The dream of his life is to compose great music, which shows you the harmless sort of idealist he is. The Military Police get hold of him, and he spends what little money he has buying bottles of brandy for his captors.

"The light in the room was beginning to grow grey."

Handsome and Bill Huggis stood up. A young officer, with clearly marked features and a campaign hat worn a little on one side, came in, stood with his feet wide apart in the middle of the floor.

"Andrews went up to him."

"I'm in the Sorbonne Detachment, lieutenant, stationed in Paris."

"Don't you know enough to salute?" said the officer, looking him up and down. "One of you men teach him to salute," he said slowly.

Handsome made a step towards Andrews and hit him with his fist between the eyes. There was a flash of light, and the room swung round, and there was a splitting crash as his head struck on the floor. He got to his feet. The fist hit him in the same place, blinding him; the three figures and the bright oblong of the window swung round. A chair crashed down with him, and a hard rap in the back of his skull brought momentary blackness.

"That's enough, let him be," he heard a voice far away at the end of a black tunnel.

A great weight seemed to be holding him down as he struggled to get up, blinded by tears and blood. Rending pains darted like arrows through his head. There were handcuffs on his wrists. . . . Within him a nightmare voice was shrieking, shrieking."

Well, this book is selling like wildfire in America, and not only in America. It is a kind of "Jungle," but far more serious than "The Jungle." It is an indictment of the American Army.

The wretched Andrews escapes, only to be recaptured. He knows what this means—

twenty years' captivity under the most terrible conditions. If the book is true, Andrews and his unhappy fellows are doing their twenty years at this moment—if they survive. If it is not true, why do the American Government allow such frightful accusations to be published all over the world?

An American critic wrote in the *New York Times*: "It is either a base libel or a hideous truth. It is so savagely explicit in its accusations that it deserves no quarter with the reading public—you must either be for it or against it. If statements which it makes can be proved to be veracious, it ought to raise the roof!"

And yet it hasn't, has it? Or has it?

"Tyranny." I don't think this book, anyway, will raise the roof. It is all about a young lady in a war uniform with whom everybody fell in love. There is a picture of her on the jacket, and a row of little men—some in uniform and some in mufti—staring up at her adoringly.

There is not very much of it—the story, I mean: 250 pages, and plenty of encouraging space between the lines.

Holloway Horn is the author, and I cannot decide for myself whether Mr. Horn is a gentleman, or Miss Horn is a lady. I seem to detect a ladylike touch in the dialogue:

"What did you do?"

"I'll tell you in the morning, Kid. I'm most awfully sleepy."

"That's champagne," said Mary. . . .

"I hardly had any."

"I know," said Mary, who was sitting up in bed watching her friend. "I know!"

"Oh, do shut up and go to sleep, there's a dear."

"Did he propose?"

"Don't be silly!"

Mary, however, insisted on being silly, so they continued to talk in notes of exclamation for some little time. After all, nobody is compelled to listen.

Heartbeat. By Stacy Aumonier. (Hutchinson; 7s. 6d. net.)
Three Soldiers. By John Dos Passos. (Hurst and Blackett; 7s. 6d.)

Tyranny. By Holloway Horn. (Collins; 7s. 6d. net.)



AT CANTERBURY CRICKET WEEK: SIR WILLIAM GOSCHEN AND MISS EGERTON.

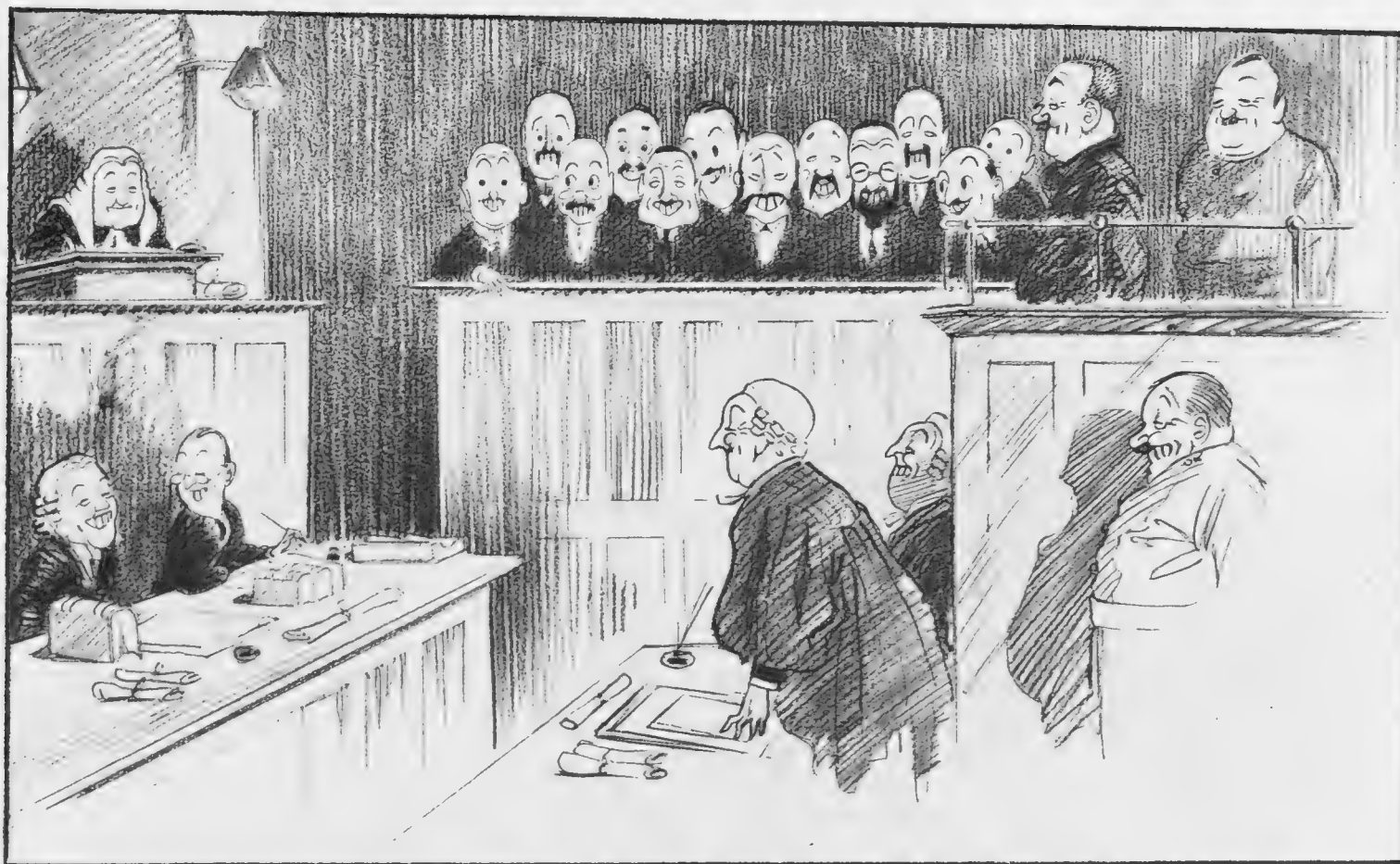
Photograph by S. and G.



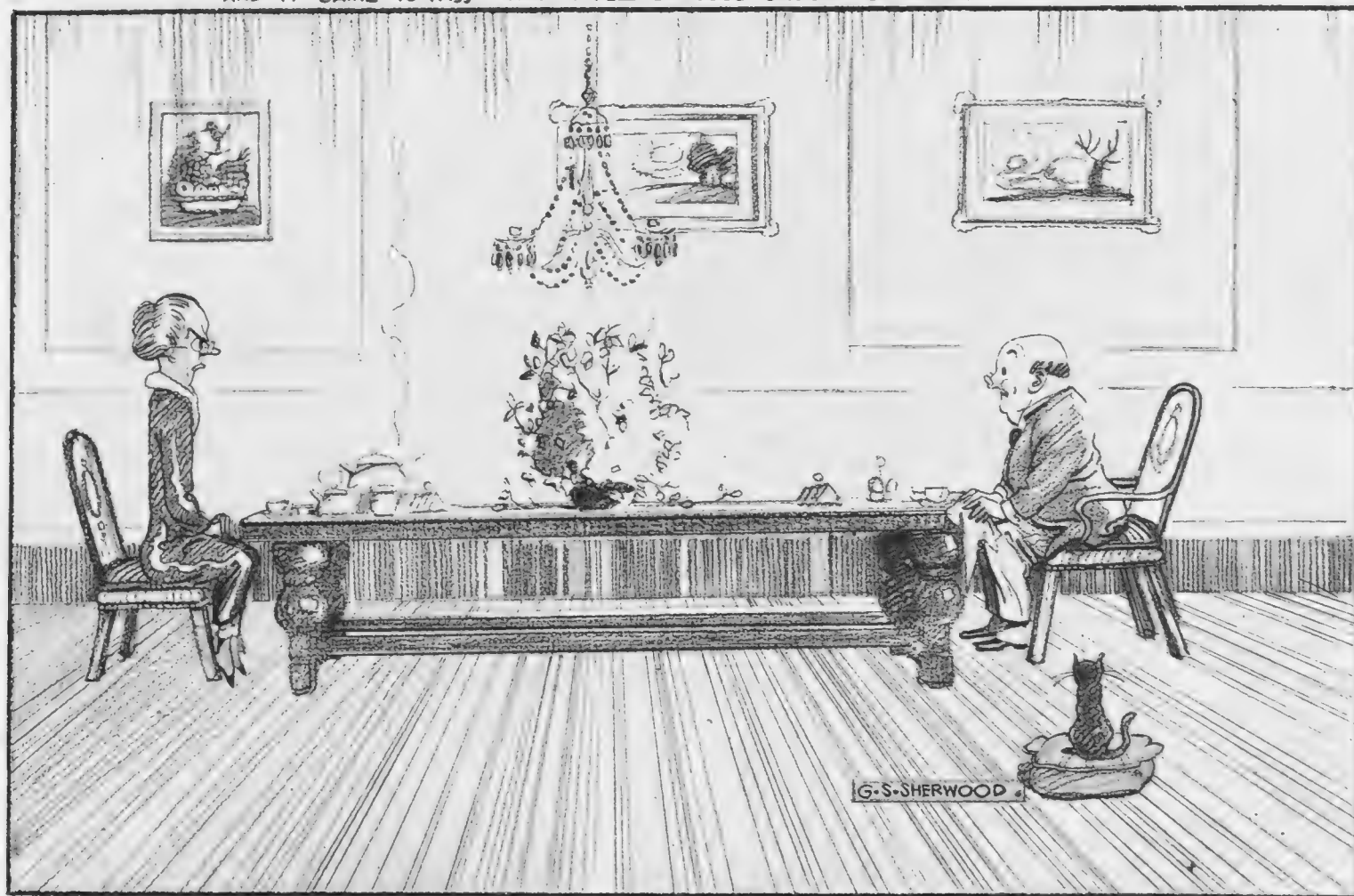
AT THE CANTERBURY CRICKET WEEK: MISS FINCHER, MRS. NEAME, AND MRS. GORIS.

Photograph by S. and G.

His Lordship's Jest.



AND IT CAME TO PASS - THAT IT FELL ON GOOD GROUND & DID YIELD FRUIT



BUT AFTER , THE SAME FELL AMONG THORNS & THEY CHOKED IT , & IT YIELDED NO FRUIT .

DRAWN BY G. S. SHERWOOD.



Tales with a sting.

WISDOM.

By HOLLOWAY HORN.

JAMES SWALE sat in his pleasantly untidy study, a pile of virgin foolscap in front of him.

His particular "period" — Elizabethan England—had become monstrously unreal and remote. Not a vestige of an idea came to him.

His thoughts and senses were dominated by grey eyes, by a vague, disturbing scent of golden hair, by the memory of the soft touch of a young body.

The realisation was intolerable—particularly in its suddenness. He crossed to the window and gazed out at the prim London square. Resentment, irritation, longing, struggled in him. The greyish grass was mottled with fallen leaves; even the sparrows were solemn. Autumn—he shivered and turned back to his desk.

But the minutes passed, and the foolscap remained white, inviolate.

He, too, was Autumn.

A little smile, bitter, almost cynical, flickered for a moment around his mouth; unlike his usual smile, it did not reach his eyes.

He was in love; he, James Swale!

Reduced to words, it seemed to be the essence of all folly.

Autumn reaching out pathetically to the Spring that was gone!

Hang it all, fifty-one is not old!

A man is as young as he feels—but, outside, the mocking wind seemed to be droning: "Fifty-one, Fifty-one!" as it swirled the dead leaves about.

He looked at himself in the glass—dispassionately, as he would have regarded a stranger. Grey at the temples, little lines at the corners of his eyes.

"You've a kind, clever old face, Jim!" she had said to him.

She was sitting in the room underneath his study, in a low chair, looking into the fire. Her grey eyes were calm, but deep down in them was a light, a warmth. The pretty face was serious with thought, but from time to time it softened into a smile, as if at some memory. She was wearing a little green frock—it made her golden hair more golden.

She was twenty—Spring, daffodils waving in a sea of tender leaves, birds twittering in the young green of the trees, youth—love, the stirring of age-old instincts!

Overhead she heard him moving about restlessly.

Evidently Jim was finding work difficult.

Dear old Jim . . .

Last night she had all but told him. She had looked up from the book she was reading to meet his waiting eyes. They had startled her. So—she hesitated for the word—so sad. Wistful, perhaps; because Jim was *not* sad. On an impulse she had crossed to him, sat on the arm of his chair, and put her arm round his neck.

"Dear old Jim!" she had said, and kissed him.

He had been—cross. Hardly cross—anyway, she had got up almost at once, feeling uneasy. Of course, now that she was grown up, she must behave differently; but as far back as she could remember there had been Jim—

Her thoughts grew shadowy.

If ever she had a son she would like him to grow up to be like Jim. Kind, with thoughtful eyes that understood you.

She could still hear the footsteps overhead.

It was stupid of him to work so hard. He had more money than he wanted. She had asked him to come to Richmond with her that morning, and he had refused. Why? Other times he had gone. Those stuffy old books he wrote about dead people! Who read them? What did they matter?

He loved his work, though . . .

Why hadn't he married? He was a man who *should* have married. Had there ever been—anyone? He never mentioned her mother. Yet she knew they had been friends long before her mother was married. She had often wondered. She wondered again; why did he never mention her? Was *that* why her father had made him her guardian? Men *were* queer . . .

They faced each other across the table at lunch-time.

Swale talked about the play they had seen the night before. And from that to the stage of twenty years ago. Prehistoric names in the ears of Spring—as remote as Kit Marlowe. Nothing isolates a generation so much as theatrical reminiscences.

She filled his pipe for him after lunch.

It was part of a ritual, for this was *their* hour.

Always they sat awhile in the two enormous arm-chairs before he went back to his work.

"Well, and how is that nasty old lady?" the girl asked. This was her way of introducing the spacious times of Queen Elizabeth, and the morning's work.

"I couldn't get going at all," he replied. "I don't know why, but I'm a bit depressed. The leaves—the grey morning—Autumn—caducity."

"Caducity?" she asked, with a little screwing up of her eyebrows.

"Decay—rotteness, my dear."

"You've been introspective, again!" She rolled the word out. It was one of his words, and she shook her finger at him. "I've had to speak to you before about this!"

"At my age one very frequently is."

"Your age! Pooh!"

He smiled.

"How would *you* like to be fifty-one?"

"Oh, that's different, quite different. You're a man!"

"I can almost see your mother sitting there," he said, changing the subject so suddenly that it startled her.

"You mean I'm like her?"

"Absurdly. I remember once she had a dress like that—soft and green, the colour of daffodil-leaves."

"It *is* nice, isn't it? That's what you mean?"

He smiled at the anxiety in her voice.

"Partly," he admitted.

"You and she were great friends?"

He hesitated, and then:

"Very great friends. She was — Romance!"

She leaned forward, her hands resting on the arms of her chair, her eyes bright with excitement.

"Jim! And all these years you've never told me! I *wish* I could remember her."

"I couldn't forget her!"

"Was she very beautiful?" she asked quietly.

"Very beautiful," he said.

Silence.

"Love is a very wonderful thing, Jim, isn't it?"

"Indeed!" he agreed.

She rose from her chair and came behind him so that he could not see her.

"I've got something—something to tell you, Jim."

"Yes?"

"It's about—Billy Endicott—he's coming to see you this evening."

"Oh?" Not a flicker of an eyelid betrayed him.

"He—he wants to marry me, Jim. You will be kind to him, dear, won't you? I *do* love him so!"

She kissed him suddenly and rushed from the room. He caught one glimpse of her flushed, lovely face—

It brought another face across the years. A woman's face with just such wonderful eyes. They had been full of tears when last he had looked into them.

They had parted twenty-two years before. And with her went all the Romance of his life.

Until—those soft arms round his neck, those warm young lips on his, had stirred into flame embers he thought were dead.

He sat awhile staring at the empty chair.

A whimsical something came into his eyes. He knocked out his pipe; filled it. Methodically, thoughtfully.

And remained looking into the fire.

It was better so, he knew. He became a little drowsy; usually, he had a nap after lunch. Yes—any other course would have been very unwise. Very unwise.

THE END.

The Spirit of Burma Interpreted by an American Dancer.



IN A DANCE FROM A BURMESE PWE : MME. LAURKA.

Mme. Laurka, the American dancer, is not only a graceful and attractive woman, but she is amazingly successful in her attempts to catch the spirit of the art of the East. Our photograph shows her in a dance from a Burmese Pwe, in a costume which

she brought from Mandalay. She has captured the very spirit of the fascinating Burmese dancing, and wears her dress with all the sinuous grace of the women to whom it belongs by right. She was recently seen in this dance at the Aldwych Theatre.

PHOTOGRAPH BY FOULSHAM AND BANFIELD, LTD., EXCLUSIVE TO "THE SKETCH."

Seen Through a Feathery and Mysterious Veil.



TO GO TO EAST AFRICA—FOR BIG GAME: MRS. ARTHUR McNEILL FARQUHAR.

Mrs. Arthur McNeill Farquhar is the wife of Mr. Arthur McNeill Farquhar, eldest son of Admiral Sir Arthur Farquhar, K.C.B., C.V.O., and is the daughter of Mr. Cuthbert Heath. Mrs. Farquhar, who possesses the unusual name of Genesta, is the niece of Admiral Sir Herbert Heath and

the grand-daughter of the late Admiral Sir Leopold Heath, K.C.B. Our photograph shows her in one of the newest hats, with a feathery veil of plumage which hangs before the wearer's eyes. Mrs. Farquhar is shortly leaving for East Africa with her husband for a shooting trip.

PORTRAIT STUDY BY BERTRAM PARK, EXCLUSIVE TO "THE SKETCH."

In the Sweet and Careless Twenties.



DEVOTED TO HUNTING: MISS SYLVIA PORTMAN.

Miss Sylvia Portman is one of the daughters of the Hon. Claud and Mrs. Portman, of Buxted Park, Sussex, and a niece of the third Viscount Portman. Miss Portman, who was born in 1900, has a younger sister, Miss Jocelyne Portman, and a brother, Mr. Edward Claud Berkeley

Portman, who is two years her senior. She is very keen on all forms of sport, and is specially devoted to hunting. Her father, the Hon. Claud Portman, is the heir-presumptive of the present Viscount Portman, who has one daughter, the Hon. Selina Portman.

PHOTOGRAPH BY LAFAYETTE, EXCLUSIVE TO "THE SKETCH."

Interested in Literature, Sport, and Art.



THE WIFE OF MAJOR ALBERT DE LANDE LONG, D.S.O.: MRS. DE LANDE LONG.

Mrs. Albert de Lande Long is the wife of Major Albert de Lande Long, D.S.O., the well-known big-game shot, and is the daughter of the late Mr. Arthur Paterson. She is a remarkably fine all-round athlete, being a first-class skater and the possessor of the Humane

Society's Testimonial for Saving Life at Sea. She is also very artistic, and is interested in literature. In fact, she has of late been thinking of turning her talents to writing rather than to more active forms of self-expression.

CAMERA PORTRAIT BY HUGH CECIL, EXCLUSIVE TO "THE SKETCH."

Crack Men of the Crack Counties.



A. MORTON.

2.
handed batsman of merit, who needs only experience to take rank. Another of the same famous name—A. H. M., to wit, who was in the Harrow XI.—is also one of Derbyshire's promising amateurs, who is sparing neither time nor expense to the same end. A. H. M. Jackson is also a bit of a bowler, right hand, medium pace, and as keen as they are made.

W. BESTWICK.

But the sheet anchor of the team has been W. Bestwick, who at the age of 43 played for the Players as their fast bowler—an unprecedented record. He fully merited



A. H. M. JACKSON.

1. G. R. AND A. H. M. JACKSON.

THE one-time Champion County of England is not now quite the power in the land of first-class cricket that she was. Her energetic captain, G. R. Jackson, and committee, headed by Lieut.-Col. C. Herbert. Stepney, D.S.O., and Major L. Eardley-Simpson, with the Duke of Devonshire as President, are working hard for a return to the days of 1874, when the County won the Championship; and, well, 'tis a long lane that has no turning. G. R. Jackson is a left-



W. BESTWICK.

4.
was rather below his best. But he is still the best all-round player in the XI., and has many years' cricket still in him.

G. CURGENVEN.

The Old Reptonian, G. Curgenven, is a hard-hitting batsman who was a fairly useful bowler in his day. He cannot spare much time for the game—unfortunately for his county, as his style of batting is most attractive. He is one of the very best cricketers Derbyshire has produced in the last twenty years.



G. R. JACKSON.

3.
inclusion. Last season, he was the best English fast bowler, without exception. His figures prove it. No other fast bowler—certainly none in a team so lacking in support as Derbyshire had last season—can show such figures as Bestwick's 147 for 16.72 in a season of batsmen's wickets. That was a great achievement which will not readily be beaten by anyone much younger than Bestwick, who was then 45 years of age!

A. MORTON.

Handicapped by a motor accident last season, A. Morton, the best slow medium right-hander Derbyshire has possessed for years,



G. CURGENVEN.

"O" de Vie!



THE SPIRITUALIST: I am in communication with one whose name begins with O.

THE CLIENT: My 'Orace!

DRAWN BY D'EGVILLE.

WHAT DUNLOP CORD TYRES HAVE DONE

From Capt. G. EGERTON PEARCE, Chagford, Devon.

"In October last I had Dunlop Cord Tyres fitted to my 25 h.p. Vauxhall car. I drove the car to the South of France, carrying a large amount of luggage and three adult passengers. I used the car almost every day for six months and came home via the High Alps. The journey was made in the worst of weather, but we arrived safely back in Devon with the same set of tyres with which we went away. The tyres are very little worn although the mileage is fully 6,000."

From S. F. EDGE, Esq., Ditchling, Sussex.

"I thought it only right to let you know how very successful the Dunlop Cord Tyres were which you supplied me with for my six cylinder A.C. car which was entered recently at Brooklands, and gained such a big series of records from 2 to 12 hours inclusive, averaging for 12 hours over 70 miles an hour. I believe they stand with the unique record of having run a greater distance at 70 miles an hour than any set of tyres in the world have ever done."

From H. G. POPE, Esq., Maidenhead.

"I used your Cord Tyres on my G.W.K. car in the Scottish Six Days Trial, and obtained the best possible award, a Gold Medal. The same set of tyres were used in the London-Land's End Trial, in which I attribute my successes to the excellent gripping properties of your tyres."

From FRANK SEARLE, Esq., Managing Director, Daimler Hire Ltd., London, S.W.7.

"I should like to put on record the really wonderful results we are getting with your Dunlop Cord Tyres. Considering that our fleet consists of 250 30 h.p. landaulettes and our mileage in the summer approaches five hundred thousand miles a month (all of which is done on Dunlops) we are in a position to appreciate good value for money in tyres."

From a User at Alderley Edge, Cheshire.

"In May, 1921, I purchased a six cylinder Armstrong-Siddeley car fitted with your Cord Tyres. I have done exactly 10,000 miles running, and have had no trouble whatsoever, no punctures or bursts, and the tyres still look good for two or three thousand more miles."

From R. G. JACKSON, Esq., Maidenhead.

"I used your Cord Tyres on the London-Land's End run and in the strenuous Scottish Six Days Trial, the tyres giving the utmost satisfaction. I have not had a puncture since they were originally fitted, neither have the tyres needed to be touched in any way."

From W. MORRISON, Esq., Loch Assynt.

"I am glad to say that your Magnum Cords are really good and I am having splendid service out of them on Albion and Ford cars."

From A. R. HUNTER, Esq., Worksop.

"I am now absolutely convinced that there is nothing better in the tyre world than the Dunlop Cord."

From P. J. CAFFYN, Esq., Caffyns Ltd., Eastbourne.

"I am still driving on the original four Dunlop Cords, although I have now exceeded 9,000 miles. Three of these tyres have not been re-inflated since fitted."

From W. H. BOWATER, Esq., Birmingham.

"I have been a user of your tyres for many years, and thought it would be interesting to you to know the mileage done by the last four tyres on my car. The Tyres are Cord, size 820 x 120, and are run on a Wolseley 20 h.p. six cylinder limousine.

Tyre No. 18184 Mileage 15,987 miles.

" "	18114	"	15,096	"
" "	17137	"	18,735	"
" "	18062	"	17,697	"

I have a careful record kept of all my tyres, and if you would like to verify the mileage, I shall be very pleased for you to do so."

From JAMES FAIRLIE, Esq., Falkirk.

"I have on my Moon car two Dunlop Cord Tyres which have reached the 14,000 mile mark and are still going strong... two others have done over 5,000 each and look quite fresh."

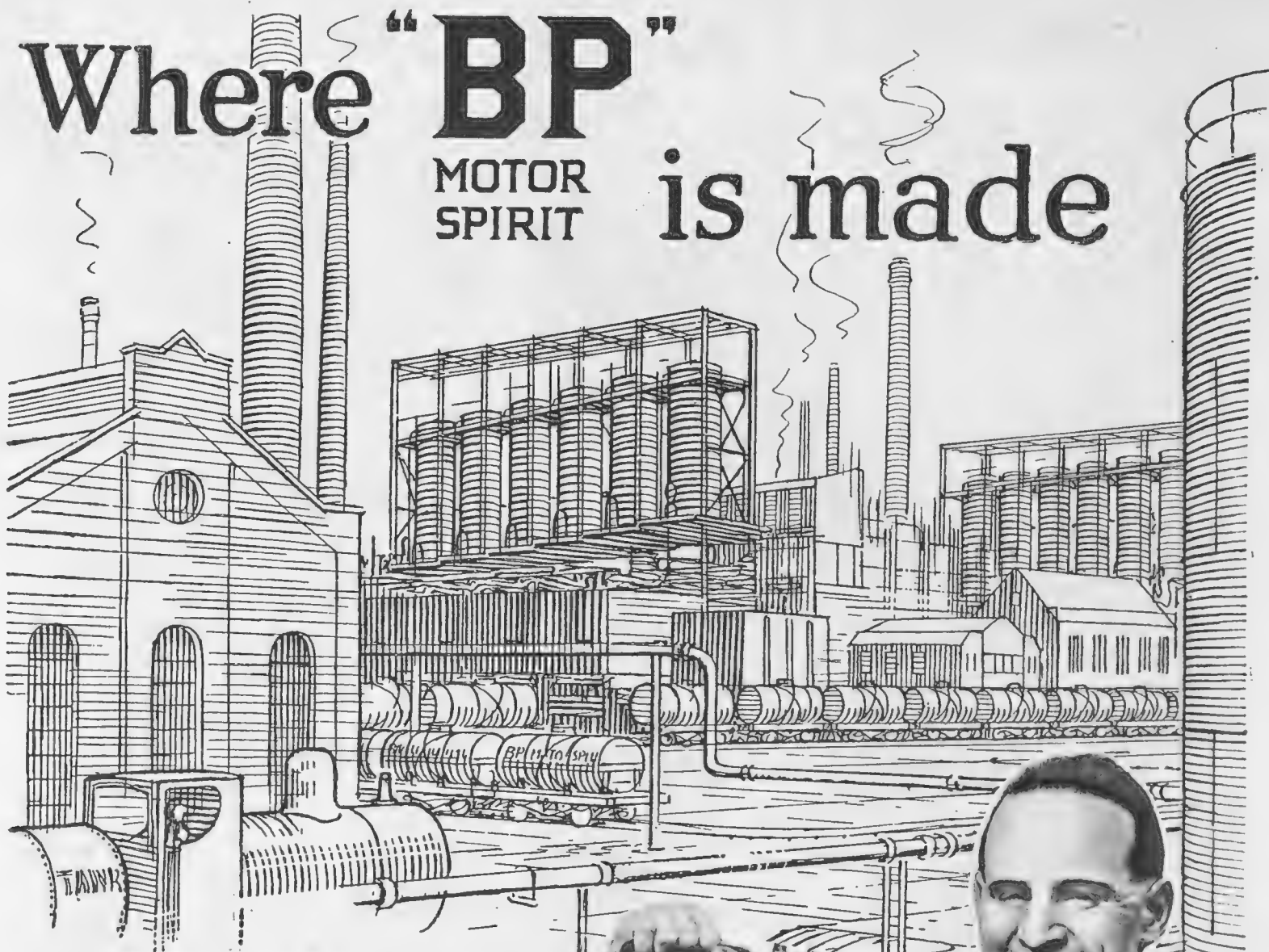
TRADE



MARK

HOW THE "NO-TROUBLE" TYRE JUSTIFIES ITS NAME

Where **BP** MOTOR SPIRIT is made



Llandarcy (WALES)

THE great new refinery of the Anglo-Persian Oil Company Ltd., marks the highest development of modern refining practice.

Here "B.P." Motor Spirit is made from Persian Oil—one of the richest Crude Oils in the World—by scientific methods which ensure to the motorist the finest and most uniform spirit.

"B.P." is all British. It is made by a British Company employing British workmen and financed by British capital.

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Motor Dicta. By Heniochus.



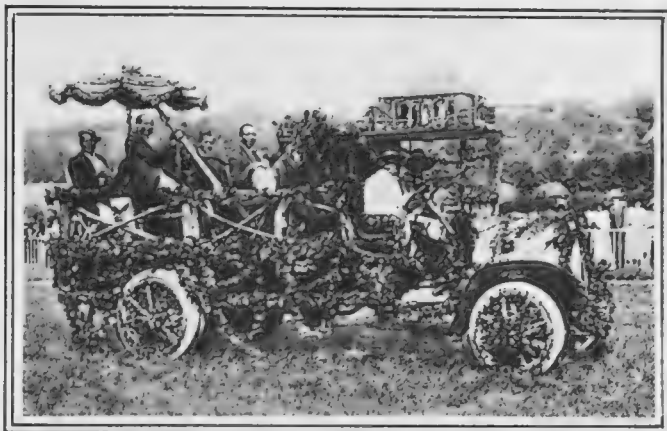
Reduced Car Prices.

Probably because autumn is nigh and summer is waning, I notice that lately the importers of motor vehicles to this country have been reducing their prices to a very large extent. Perhaps they are like the tradesman who hastens to turn his stock out of his shop into the houses of his customers before it is out of date or shop-soiled, so as to get the ready cash to lay out in further "lines." Whatever the reasons may be, there are wonderful values

now to what it was when it first appeared in the arena of competitions. A moderate-priced family bus, I call it, doing its twenty-five to thirty-five miles per hour loaded up as much as you like in the roomy body; nice springs and good brakes. Of course, it can travel a bit faster if pushed, but sturdiness more than speed is its *métier*. From a driver's point of view, one has to double-clutch to get silent gear changes; but as it can hang on to its top on ordinary up-and-down roads, I do not suppose this method of altering gear ratios will bother its owners much. Anyway, as this is one of the few British efforts to give a big-looking car at a small price, with really plenty of room and protection to the passengers in its high-sided body, I wish it all success in its present and improved form.

Can Segrave Win Again?

As for the 1500-c.c. event, which is marked on the card for two o'clock, Segrave hopes to repeat his performance on the Talbot-Darracq and win again. At the same time, the opposition to the three Talbot-Darracqs is stronger this year, as the three Aston-Martins, piloted by Gallop, Moir, and Zborowski, are much improved, and their drivers have as great a reputation on this course as Messrs. Segrave and the brothers Guinness, who take the steering-wheels of the "T.D.s." Added to this, young Barnato, Chance, and Bertelli mean to make the pace hot; and Barnato drives with excellent judgment as well as plenty of experience with fast cars on the track. Whether the Enfield-Alldays they drive will be quite fast enough remains to be seen, but they are not sluggards by any means, and I should think will stand up, an important feature in these long events. There are also three "A.C.'s" in the race, and S. F. Edge hates losing, so they will be triers; while Malcolm Campbell is credited with doing umpteen miles an hour on the Austro-Daimler, so there are many Richmonds in the field. I do not think the Austro-Daimler can win, because it arrived in England so short a while before the race. If it does, it will be a rare good car. Then come the Bugattis. I have left them until now, as "Billy" Letts is keeping their form all to himself. They are a strong tip from those who are supposed to know. I am sure they will be speedy, but I am not sure that the continual rough jolting will not worry their drivers, and perhaps jar oil-pipes apart or cause some silly little trouble that wastes valuable time in the race and never happens on the road. Lastly, there are Oates on the Lagonda, Gordon England on the "A.B.C.," and Miller on the Wolseley. Oates cannot keep off the track if there is a race on; Gordon England's luck is so bad that I cannot fancy his chance;



THE JAZZ BAND AT THE BATTLE OF FLOWERS: A SNAPSHOT FROM AIX-LES-BAINS.

The Aix-les-Bains battle of flowers was held recently at the Hippodrome de Marlioz. Our snapshot shows the jazz band from the Hotel Bernascon in their flower-decked chariot.

Photograph by Navello.

obtainable by those folk who do not object to owning U.S.A. types of cars. Take, for instance, the all-round reductions made in the Canadian factories of General Motors, Ltd. Buicks have been marked down £25 to £125—approximately an average of £90 per car—and they were not dear at previous prices; Oakland's reductions range from £30 to £120—about £76 average; while even Chevrolets, that had come down to a fairly low figure a few months ago, are now further reduced in cost by £10 to £15 per car in the various models. The best news, however, in this direction is that at last all these makes are delivered free, in place of the agent having either to stand the transport charges from the wharf to his customer, or else charge him this as an extra to the advertised price of the car—a source of grave friction often, and sometimes the cause of losing a sale. I am glad General Motors have set this example to other importers from across the Herring Pond, and hope they will follow it. At the same time, our British manufacturers, who have always given free delivery, will find that competition will be keener than ever.

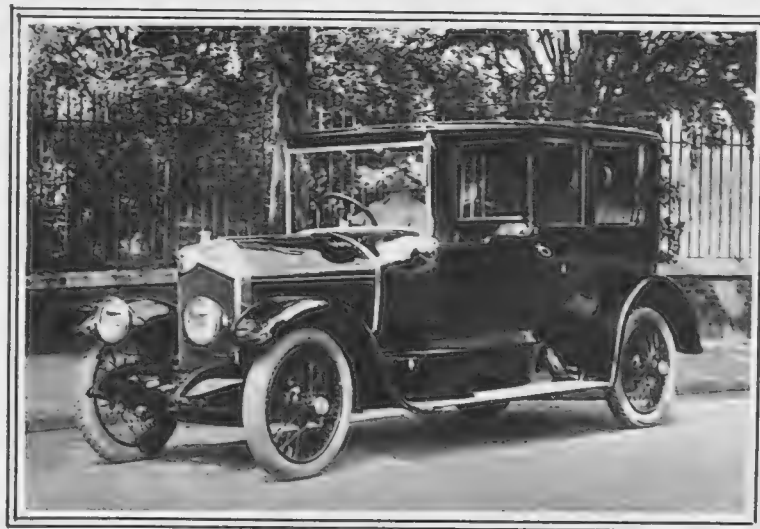
Midland Club's Holyhead Trial.

The twenty-four-hours' run of the Midland Car Club from Birmingham to Holyhead and back seems to have been a bit of a mix-up when it came to the award for the P. J. Evans trophy, as I see most of the newspapers have given it to the wrong man. Anyway, the Trials Hon. Secretary told me this coveted prize for the best performance of the trial for standard touring cars with engines whose capacity exceeds 1600 c.c. has been awarded to Mr. Harold Goodwin, who drove an 11.9-h.p. Bean car. So he is the winner, notwithstanding other versions of the result. Which reminds me that I had a run in one of these Bean four-seaters the other day, and a much-improved vehicle it is

ings to see that race only in place of both of them if they choose, or are able, to arrive at the track in the early hours of the morning. But it is a bit rough on the Crouch, G. N. Salmson, and Morgan brigade that they will possibly have to circle the track for three hours and a half without a noisy crowd to cheer them on while they are completing the seventy-three laps that have to be covered. I expect they will be envious of the light cars that are competing in the second race of the same distance this day, as, judging by the splendid attendance last year for this event, it is quite a popular function. Still, I hope quite a large number of people will arrive about eleven o'clock to see the finish, anyhow, of the 1100-c.c. class, especially as the G.N. is determined to beat the Salmson, and the latter equally convinced that the tables can be turned on the G.N. this time, leave alone the Morgan trio, who also have views of seeing this trophy in the middle of their show-case of "pots." Who knows but that some other of the seventeen runners will not win? "Surprises are not uncommon in long races," said the tortoise, and we all know favourites have a way of not always romping home. Consequently, a good race can be expected.

Racing at Early Hours.

It is all very well for the Junior Car Club to start the 200-miles race for cycle-cars at 8.30 a.m. on Saturday at Brooklands, but I doubt if very many of the public will trouble to get there until some hours later—probably when it is all finished. Of course, the light car 200-miles race starts at two o'clock the same afternoon after luncheon, and no doubt the crowd will be quite content to pay their five shillings



RECENTLY DELIVERED AT BUCKINGHAM PALACE FOR THE USE OF THE ROYAL HOUSEHOLD: A NEW CROSSLEY LIMOUSINE.

The new Crossley limousine for use by the Royal Household has the Royal monogram on the door panel. The body is finished in the royal crimson with a vermillion lining.

and the Wolseley is the only danger to the winner of these three. Anyway, there is a field of twenty-two, and whichever car wins and those that cover the 200 miles in the three hours will well deserve the medals and trophies awarded to them.



Plays — Without Prejudice.



"JANE CLEGG," AT THE NEW THEATRE.

Rara Avis in Terris.

Wonders, as they say, will never cease. Black swans are to be seen in abundance, and a phoenix is expected to alight at the Zoological Gardens at any moment. Because there is a remarkable event in London at this very moment. And you had better not breathe too hard in case you stop it. Because there is a play on in which the merit of the performance is equalled by the quality of the writing. A strange breach with the national tradition.

Good Plays.

It had become almost the universal practice of the British stage to associate skilful compositions with second-rate performers, and vice-versa. Bernard Shaw was interpreted to us by struggling young persons in repertory companies; whilst the talent of Mr. Dennis Eadie and the more accomplished actors was lavished on facile adaptations of frankly minor Continental dramatists.

"Jane Clegg." But the opening effort of Miss Sybil Thorndike's venture in management at the New Theatre is a real achievement, because it unites high dramatic talent with a play of literary distinction. Mr. St. John Ervine of course knows how to write a play—partly because it is his weekly *métier* to tell other people how

to do it. "Jane Clegg" is an uncommonly fine piece of work, because it does not start with any of the dramatic aces up its sleeve which are held by "Mixed Marriage." In that piece Mr. Ervine can play topical interest in the Irish tragedy and the inherent dramatic quality of the Catholic-Protestant tug-of-war in Belfast.

The Grey Scene.

But in "Jane Clegg" he starts with the grubby domestic interior of an unduly dashing commercial traveller, and makes a tragedy out of it. There are no heroics and no firearms. Almost the only thing that happens is a little embezzlement. Yet the appalling series of dramatic confrontations in the last Act leaves one almost breathless. Every word of his neat, stripped dialogue goes home. It has not the alarming nudity of Mr. Galsworthy's method, in which almost every outer covering is stripped off the bare skeleton of the plot. But it is quite as neat and every bit as direct.

The Acting.

One would have expected, according to the habits of British theatrical management, that a composition of this order would have been left to the lop-sided interpretation of earnest amateurs. The real dramatic virtuosity of our stage seems to be reserved for the performance of music-hall songs and West End drama (including crook plays). But for once we are presented with a constellation of dramatist and actors in conjunction, as the astronomers say. And the result is amazingly good.

Young Vic.

Miss Sybil Thorndike gets extraordinarily there with the weary, disillusioned wife of the rather excessively iridescent traveller. Sometimes, perhaps, she permits a cultivated enunciation to penetrate the dreary Cockney woman. But she never fails to keep the drab figure alive, and one may take pleasure in her performance of a part of real distinction after the vapid nonsense which an inexplicable choice compels her to enunciate in the curtain-raiser.

Two Fine Figures.

Yet it is Miss Clare Greet and Mr. Leslie Faber who do as much to make Mr. Ervine's play stand out in slow motion across the grey background. The inept benevolence of grandmothers has never been better interpreted, and the old lady stumbles delightfully into all the traps which destiny has laid for her artless conversation. The actress of the part simply is old Mrs.—but what does the name matter? Because she is a generalised old lady in a lace cap with pennies for the children when they behave badly and consolation for her son when his conduct has been mean enough.

The Strayed Traveller.

Mr. Faber makes a still more living figure of the man. His make-up alone, with its exquisite suggestion of a quiff, is a masterpiece, and he gets to perfection the shambling movements of a class which takes no exercise outside the billiard-rooms of commercial hotels. His jerky walk across the



THE YOUNGEST DAUGHTER OF MR. WILLIAM ROBERT OGILVIE-GRANT: MISS ALISON JEAN OGILVIE-GRANT.

Miss Alison Jean Ogilvie-Grant is the great-granddaughter of the sixth Earl of Seafield, as her father, Mr. William Robert Ogilvie-Grant, who was sometime Assistant Keeper of the Zoological Department of the British Museum, is the eldest son of the late Hon. George Ogilvie-Grant.—[Photograph by Bassano.]

stage to the corner seat by the fire, fag tilted in his mouth, might make even Mr. Henry Ainley, that *virtuoso* in ungainly movements, jealous. And he gets the inside of the man as skilfully as he draws his exterior.

High Quality.

You see the mean, dodgy little man with his rather alarming wife. You overhear (that is Mr. Ervine's art—you do not hear his people rant, but you overhear them talking) the interminable conversations of a middle-class home when things are going wrong. You watch the drift of a second-rate man into disaster. And all without the forcing of a single note or the straining of a single probability. The quietness of the whole thing is immensely impressive. There are no *tirades*, none of those interminable disquisitions on the universe and Fabian economics with which Mr. Shaw disfigures his dramatic moments, no touch of the sentimental appeal with which Mr. Galsworthy turns to sugar the operations of a ruthless destiny. It is a fine, strong play more than adequately performed, and you should all, while there is time, go and see for yourselves.



A BRILLIANTLY CLEVER DRESS AND POSTER DESIGNER: MISS DOLLY TREE.

Miss Dolly Tree is the young artist of twenty-three who has recently achieved such success as a dress and poster designer. Apart from doing all the work for Messrs. Wyllie and Tate, including the last three Hippodrome productions, and for "The Windmill Man" for Bert Coote, last Christmas, Miss Tree has carried out extensive work for the Folies Bergère, Concert Mayol, and other theatres in Paris.

“Three Castles” The VIRGINIA CIGARETTES.

The Cigarette with the Pedigree.



PRINCESS POCAHONTAS daughter of the Mighty Indian Chief Powhatan "Emperour of Virginia" was a devoted friend of the earliest English Colonists whom she nobly rescued and protected. * * * Until the time of her death in the good ship called "The George" at Gravesend in 1617 she played a noble part in helping forward the Settlement of Virginia by her care for those who thus early were engaged in Planting Tobacco in her Country. 300 years ago "the fertility of the soil and the temperature of the climate" proved ideal for the cultivation of Tobacco — centuries of continuous endeavour have made that old and famous Brand of the "Three Castles" as ideal as the land itself. *



"There's no sweeter Tobacco comes from Virginia and no better Brand than the —
"THREE CASTLES"

W.M. Thackeray

"The Virginians"

W.D. & H.O. Wills, Bristol & London, England.

T.C.10.



DeReszke

The Aristocrat of CIGARETTES

"De Reszkes" are always 'cool smoking'

CHOOSE a hot Summer's day to make a trial of the "De Reszke" Cigarette—when no cigarette is so desirable as a cigarette that smokes cool.

Then is the exquisite coolness of the "De Reszke" most desirable. Then is its purity, its choice leaf, its superb blending most apparent.

Boon companions are quality and coolness in a cigarette. Boon companions are "De Reszkes" and refined palates.

Let "De Reszkes" contribute to the pleasure of your holidays. Pack a box in your travelling bag.

TENOR

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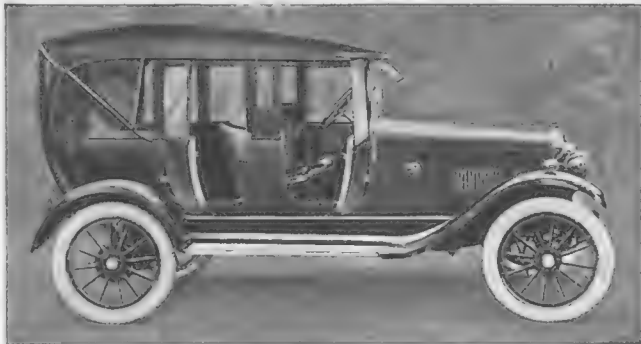
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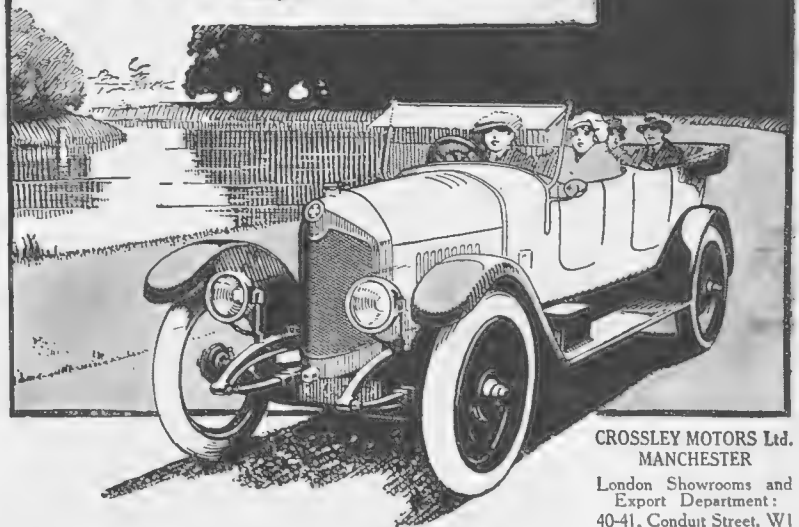
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Army Officer's Widow now offers same with Free Instructions on receipt of Coupon below.

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The Hindoo method of destroying hair, however, has always been a closely guarded secret, but its discovery and its wonderful results are described below by the wife of a Surgeon in the Indian Army, Mrs. Frederica Hudson. Here is Mrs. Hudson's story: "For years I was sorely afflicted with a heavy moustache, several tufts of beard, and a hideous hairy covering on my arms. Like many others, I wasted a small fortune on the various preparations advertised, all of which made my growth all the worse. I also submitted to the terrible electric needle, but found that for every hair thus destroyed at least two came back in its place. My late husband, a Major in the British Army in India, saved the life of a converted native soldier. He persuaded this man to reveal the coveted secret of the Hindoo Hair Destroyer. My husband gave me the entire formula. I tried it. The very first application

made the hair weak and withery looking. In a few days the hair entirely disappeared, and since then I have never had a trace of hair to show. And so, having found that this remarkable remedy absolutely killed my heavy moustache, the coarse tufts of hair on my face, and the heavy covering on my arms, from which I suffered 20 years' humiliation, I want every woman to have the benefit of the secret which my husband secured for me."

So write to me to-day, sending the Coupon below, or copy of it, with your name and address (please state whether Mrs. or Miss), together with three penny stamps for postage, and I will send you free full and complete instructions so that you need never have any trace of superfluous hair to annoy you again for the rest of your life. Address as below.

THIS FREE COUPON

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Robert Heath's Ltd., of Knightsbridge, newest soft felt Pull-On Sports Hat. Absolutely Waterproof. Larger in appearance and of slightly heavier felt than the Well-known "Lowther" Hat. The brim will withstand the Wind and yet roll up for the Pocket. In our superfine quality only. Cinnamon, Koko, Cuba, Beaver, Ash, Drab, Armour, Mole, Fallow, Champagne, and White. Price 42/- With Sports Feather Mount.

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N.B.—Robert Heath Ltd. have no agents or branches, therefore their well-known hats can only be obtained from the address given below.



BY APPOINTMENT

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of Knightsbridge.



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"For the man
who knows the
difference!"



GREEN STRIPE SCOTCH WHISKY

J & G STEWART LTD (incorporating ANDREW USHER & CO)

EDINBURGH & 79 MARK LANE, LONDON, E.C.

Established 1779

Delightfully Refreshing!

The warm weather demands that every dressing table be well supplied with popular cooling and refreshing toilet preparations. ANZORA Vanishing Cream should be chief amongst these. It is delicately and exquisitely perfumed, and is most beneficial to the skin.

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QUEEN OF
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Obtainable from leading Chemists
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What Franco-Barbe
Customers say:

"Splendid job
at so low a cost!"

"I have received
the overcoat re-
ferred to, and
have great plea-
sure indeed in
expressing my
complete satis-
faction with the
splendid job you have made, at so
low a cost. I will assuredly advise
my friends to deal with you."

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This is typical of the testimony received from many hundreds of
enthusiastic customers regarding the unique Franco-Barbe
Process of cleaning, Retinting, and Reproofing Weatherproofs.

Gentlemen's Weatherproofs Franco-Barbe Cleaned, Retinted and Reproofed,
NOW 8/6; Ladies' Weatherproofs, NOW 7/6; Suits Franco-Barbe Cleaned and
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If you have a badly soiled, streaky-looking
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away for this Special Treatment to Dept. S.W.,
Castlebank Dye-works, Anniesland, Glasgow.

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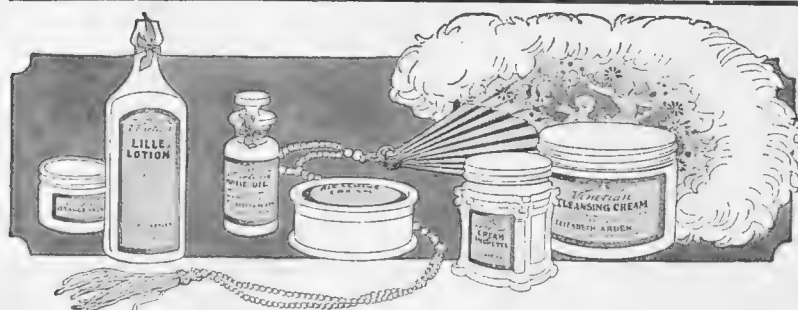
Ask for Fleur-de-Lys No. 10, the interesting
magazine Price List, free on request.

SANTAS

FOR

Health in Hot Weather!

A Bottle of "SANITAS"—Nature's Purifier—(with Reversible Cork for sprinkling) repays a hundredfold its trivial cost! "Sanitas" revivifies the hot, stuffy, stale atmosphere of bedrooms, nurseries, crowded shops, offices and warehouses—in fact, wherever humanity works or sleeps. Sprinkled about the floors (not on the carpet), "Sanitas" gives, as by magic, a soothing, invigorating and deodorant freshness. It restores the vital oxygen, and banishes discomfort and disease.



How to attain Beauty simply and naturally

THE ARDEN VENETIAN PREPARATIONS

are the greatest corrective and beautifying preparations ever produced. The following are just a few of many, each of which meets a specific need:—

Venetian Cleansing Cream

is a perfect skin cleanser. It liquefies on the skin and takes every particle of dust and foreign matter out of the pores. It is soft and soothing, supplying natural oil to the skin and should be used whenever cleansing, instead of soap and water. 4/6, 8/6, 12/6.

Ardena Skin Tonic

A mild astringent and stimulating tonic for the skin; used in conjunction with the Cleansing Cream, it whitens and refines the skin leaving it clear, fresh and radiant. 3/6, 8/6, 12/6.

Orange Skin Food

Every skin requires a good pure skin food. Orange Skin Food keeps the skin full and youthful, nourishes sunken and relaxed tissues, prevents dryness, fills out hollows and attains. 4/6, 7/6, 12/6.

Venetian Velva Cream

nourishes the skin without fattening. Specially prepared for maintaining its soft, smooth texture. Do not wait until the summer sun has wrought its havoc but protect your skin now by giving it daily care. 4/6, 8/6, 12/6.

Venetian Pore Cream

A greaseless astringent cream which closes enlarged pores, tones up the skin tissue, and reduces even the coarsest skin; removes blackheads and pimples. 4/6.

Amoretta Cream

A fragrant vanishing cream which protects the skin from wind and weather and forms a lasting base for powder. Invaluable when motoring or golfing. 4/6, 8/6.

TO be beautiful is a woman's natural longing: imagine then her lavish generosity if, with one twist of a magic ring, she could turn into anything she wished.

The opening of the new Elizabeth Arden Salon at 25 Old Bond Street has brought within reach of every woman a means of attaining beauty, as simply as the twist of a Magic Ring. This wonderful scientific Treatment is the outcome of a life study in every phase of health and beauty culture.

It is easy and natural; it tones up sagging muscles and coaxes the skin into perfect smoothness, through improved and stimulated circulation.

Call and consult Elizabeth Arden at 25 Old Bond Street, or write for "The Quest of the Beautiful," a Booklet describing all the Venetian Preparations.

Telephone Regent 5565 for appointment.

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25-FOLD BOND ST. LONDON-W

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Transformation Ensures a Youthful Appearance.

TOUPET from 5 Guineas.
FULL TRANSFORMATION
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WRITE for CATALOGUE DE LUXE, send for Appro. Selection, or call and interview Mons. GEORGES, the Pioneer of the Natural Parting, who has no superior in the art of producing Natural Transformations.

(The "Times" system of Instalments is available.)

PEARLS

by Sessel



Sessel Pearls are the finest reproductions existing. They are made by a secret and scientific process, which imparts to them the same sheen, delicacy of tone, texture, and durability of genuine Oriental Pearls.

Sessel Pearl Earrings, Pins, Studs, Rings, in Solid Gold Mountings.

From
£2 : 2 : 0

Sessel Pearls are positively superior to any others existing. Every Necklet, in fact every pearl made in our laboratories is an exact and faithful reproduction of a real pearl, the minutest details being studied in their manufacture.

Sessel Clasp with Sessel Emerald—Sapphire or Ruby centre.

From
£2 : 2 : 0

Beautiful Collar of Sessel Pearls with 18-ct. Gold Clasp, in case, £4 : 4 : 0

Illustrated Brochure No. 1 on request post free. NO AGENTS.

Sessel Pearls can only be obtained direct from

SESSEL (Bourne, Ltd.),

14 & 14a, New Bond Street, London, W.1.

WOMAN'S WAYS.

By MABEL HOWARD.



The palest gleam of sunshine will be considered sufficient excuse to produce this lovely silk parasol designed by Peter Robinson's, Oxford Street.

The Cult of the Blouse.

No matter how the popularity of other articles of attire may wax and wane, the cult of the blouse remains unchanged. Like all subjects over which Fashion holds sway, it undergoes certain vicissitudes and alters in form continually; but the blouse is, in itself, such a fundamental and necessary factor of dress that it cannot be superseded, or changed to any marked degree. A delightful innovation which promises to make a long stay with us is the waistcoat blouse—a compromise between the much-favoured jumper and a man-cut shirt blouse. Severely simple as to the neck, it is generally carried out in some fairly firm material, such as corded, Bengalese, or brocaded silk, and the most noticeable feature is always the narrow strap, attached at each side of the waist, which encircles the back only, and may or may

not be completed by a small metal buckle.

The Cut of the Neck.

The vogue for the round, or boat-shaped neck which prevails among evening dresses this year has naturally affected the form of the blouse to a certain extent, and many attractive models have been designed to express these graceful, curving lines. A considerable proportion of them show a recrudescence of the soft roll collar which came into fashion about a year ago, and since then has almost disappeared. A certain novelty accompanies the revival, however, for whereas the roll collar was formerly carried out in the same material and shade as the blouse, it is now used as a medium for striking contrasts, both in fabric and colouring. Thus a white crêpe-de-Chine blouse will be decorated with a black georgette

collar, while a French-grey silk blouse may be accompanied by a transparent cerise ninon collar. The number of effective colour-combinations which can be utilised in this way is, of course, endless. As a variation of the low-cut, round décolletage, the high-necked blouse offers facilities for pleasing novelty of treatment. In many charming models the fastening of the collar is neither in front nor behind, but at the side. An appearance of smooth and unbroken line is produced in this way, and the effect can be considerably enhanced by allowing the collar to terminate abruptly at the top without the usual turn-over end. If the turned-back surface is at all in evidence, its appearance should be of the briefest. The omission of the long turn-over does not preclude the use of a tie, for a broad bow can be worn most effectively at the base of the throat with a high-necked blouse of this description.

Sport Coats for Late Summer.

It has been prophesied by many weather experts that in late August and September, the weather will make honourable amends for its most remiss behaviour during the whole of July, and sports coats rather than heavy wraps will still be the rule in consequence. An exceptionally wide collar is the most important feature of the three-quarter-length brushed-wool coat sketched on the right, and originated by Peter Robinson's. The pale blue lines which band the material are conspicuous by their rather unexpected absence from the collar, cuffs, and the wide belt, which is finished with a round wool-covered buckle. The price of the coat is 59s.; while 50s. will secure the champagne sports coat illustrated on the left. Wide vertical ribbing is maintained throughout the upper part of the little coat, while from the level of the patch pockets down to the hem an ingenious cross-ribbing pattern gives the effect of a self-coloured check.



Peter Robinson's are responsible both for the knitted champagne sports coat and for the green and white tussore silk sunshade.

Attractive Sunshades. There will be something lacking in the effect of even the most artistic summer

toilette unless it is accompanied by a suitable escort in the shape of a charming parasol. Nothing sets off a pretty frock to better advantage than a background of delicately tinted silk or cretonne, and Peter Robinson's, Oxford Street, who are responsible for the two sunshades sketched on this page, have a wide selection of parasols, carried out in a variety of attractive materials, and in every imaginable shade. Pink roses scattered on a white ground ornament the silk sunshade illustrated at the top of the page. Priced at 29s. 6d., it is bound with a narrow border of cerise corded silk, and the long, straight handle is completed by a sunshade bangle of cerise and white silk braid. In the sunshade sketched below a deep border of bottle-green is allied to a foundation of natural tussore silk, and the combination



A soft and cosy sports coat of white brushed wool banded with pale blue. Sketched at Peter Robinson's, Oxford Street, W.

of these rather subdued colourings is most effective. This little parasol may be obtained in many two-shade colour-schemes for the sum of 12s. 9d. Another delightful sunshade, of a more ornate design, is composed of cerise tulle decorated with plack pompons. The cerise handle is extremely long and slender, and the price of the charming little creation is 49s.

(Continued overleaf.)

WOMAN'S WAYS. By Mabel Howard. Continued.

Simplicity and Beauty.

In every branch of art it may be said with equal truth that only in simplicity can beauty find perfect expression. Certainly this rule applies to the domain of dress, for no elaborate creation is as effective as one that is designed on simple lines. Eciruum, Ltd., 43, South Molton Street, have always been noted for their avoidance of the over-ornate, and in the lovely sleeveless evening gown illustrated on this page they have achieved a wonderful harmony of black and white. The foundation of the dress is of white crêpe romain, unrelieved by any touch of the jet which ornaments the belt and the panels. These panels, lined with black crêpe romain, which shows dully through the thin surface material, are continued over the shoulders and fall below the hem at the back. The low-waisted corsage ends in a wide belt decorated with a square jet pattern, and on the edge of the belt, just over the left hip, there can, if the wearer chooses, be posed a large black velvet flower. The same colour-scheme—if, indeed, an alliance of black and white, which are neither of them colours, can be described as a colour-scheme—prevails in a warm wrap designed to accompany the gown. It is composed of rich black velvet, which falls in panels at each side. The lining is of white satin, and the one faint note of colour in the whole toilette is added by the soft grey squirrel collar, that can be rolled up and fastened round the throat by braid loops.

A Massage Apparatus for Home Use.

It is recognised by all who have studied the art of preserving the complexion that skilful massage is the most successful method of preventing and eradicating the tell-tale lines and wrinkles which are the milestones of time. It is not possible, however, for everyone to undergo a regular course of massage, for in these busy days there are many women living in the country who cannot come up to town every week in order to follow a course. "Rolette," the home massage apparatus which can be obtained from any chemist, or direct from the manufacturers, Walter E. Stokes and Co., 8, Woodstock Street, Oxford Street, will be hailed with delight by those who can only spare odd moments during the day to the care of their appearance. A number of small roller balls are set in an aluminium case, which fits the hand comfortably. Inside the case is an absorbent pad on which skin food is placed, and when the "Rolette" is rolled across the face, arms, or neck, exactly the right amount of the cream is massaged into the skin. The roller balls are electro-magnetised, which ensures a stimulating and invigorating effect on the skin; and the modest price of "Rolette"—6s. 6d.—puts

this wonderful little appliance within the reach of everyone.

Of Interest to Needlewomen.

Now that lace, in every conceivable form and for every imaginable purpose, is pre-eminently the most fashionable form of ornamentation, all women who are interested in needlework should make a point of visiting P. Steinmann's, 185, Piccadilly. They have a wonderful collection of laces, dating from the early eighteenth century down to the present day, including old hand-done lace berthes of Brussels point-de-gaze, beautiful specimens of early Valenciennes laces, needle-point, the favourite lace of Marie Antoinette: Mechlin lace, and point binche lace in quaint and delightful designs. Pages would be required in order to describe adequately the many treasures of the ancient art of lace-making to be found in their salons; and their unique pattern book, containing many specimens of the various types of lace, is certainly well worth seeing. For making up baby clothes they have a wide selection of tiny veinings and minute embroidery, and their frocks for small children are perfectly charming, and at the same time thoroughly practical, as they wash excellently.

For Town or Country Wear.

It is strange, but undeniable, that the straight-cut

costume which does not follow the lines of the figure is more exacting from

the point of view of good carriage and build than the close-fitting style. Not every woman can wear the box-shaped coat and skirt; but for those to whom these hard-cut lines are becoming Kenneth Durward, Ulster House, Conduit Street, has designed the attractive Boxmore coat and skirt sketched at the foot of the page. Though excellent for sporting wear, it is equally suitable for town use, as the style of the whole costume is impeccable. It is lined with rain-proof silk of a lovely shade of shot copper and green, and may be had in a variety of cheviot and homespun suitings. Mole velours is the fabric of the full-length coat on the left, which owes much of its distinctive character to the original and fascinating behaviour of the belt. After running unseen through a closed and gathered pleat at the back, it suddenly dives under the material at each side for the distance of about eight inches, and finally

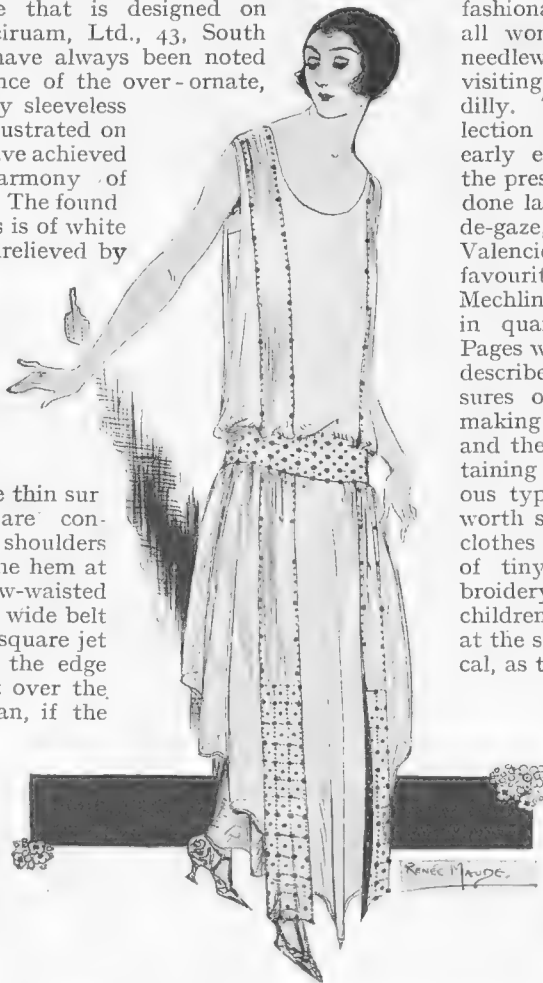
emerges through the top of the pocket-slit, finishing in front with an attractive little dog-leash clip. A delightful material for sporting wear is the Kenneth Durward specialty, the shadow-weave tweed—a fabric so cleverly woven as to give the illusion that the appearance of a faint check pattern on the material is only the effect of light and shade.

The Care of Clothes.

It is remarkable how the longevity of clothes varies with the temperament of the wearer. Many women, who cannot buy new garments as often as they would wish, yet manage to preserve in their clothes an air of distinction and smartness which is noticeably lacking, after only a few days' use, from the new dresses worn by their friends. The knack of preserving the life of clothes is a decidedly useful talent, and nothing is more valuable in the way of assistance than the services of a good cleaner. Lush and Cook, Ltd., are experts, not only in the art of dyeing and cleaning, but also in that of pressing and dry-cleaning, and they can be thoroughly relied upon to give perfect satisfaction in all departments of their work. This well-known firm has branches throughout the country, but if no branch is within reach, a postcard should be sent to the head office, Hackney Wick, E.9.

Tonic, Not Skin-Food.

In the half-page advertisement given to Mrs. Adair, the well-known beauty specialist, in the issue of *The Sketch* dated July 19, her famous Ganesh Diable Tonic was mentioned as a skin-food, and should have been described as a tonic.



Eciruum's, 43, South Molton Street, have employed jet in conjunction with white crêpe romain, with the delightful result pictured above.



The long, full-skirted coat on the left is composed of mole velours, while the Boxmore costume depicted on the right is to be had in a variety of heather, cheviot, and homespun mixtures. Sketched at Kenneth Durward's, Ulster House, Conduit Street.

The ROWE Sailor Overcoat for your child

*Correct in cut—
Perfect in finish*

We have dressed the sons and daughters of Gentlemen for 60 years.



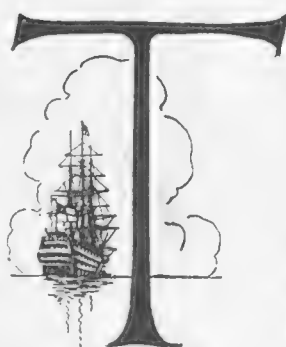
BOY'S REEFER.

A mid-season Coat, but often worn in the heavier serges and nap, as affording more liberty of action than the Overcoat.

Light & Medium Weight Serge from 45/-
Heavy Pilot 55/- Curled Nap 63/-



By Appointment to H.M. The King,
H.M. The Queen; H.M. The
Queen of Norway; H.R.H.
The (late) Crown Princess of
Sweden.



THE Rowe Overcoat, for wear with the Rowe Sailor Suit, is absolutely correct in every detail and accurately represents the uniform of the British Navy adapted to the needs of boys and girls.

Rowe Sailor Overcoats and Reefers are made in many weights and materials—from light tropical to heavy nap, with black or gilt buttons as desired. They are substantial, sturdy garments, which give protection from cold and inclement weather, yet afford ample freedom of movement.

All Rowe materials are of the very finest quality, and every article of clothing has that wonderful finish which has always been associated with the name of Rowe.

May we send you our illustrated list of every requirement for the Sailor Boy or Girl.



UNIFORM OVERCOAT.

A substantial, sturdy garment for inclement weather

Real Naval Serge 50/-
Indigo Curled Nap 75/-



GIRL'S UNIFORM COAT.

Of fine proportions.

Cheviot Serge 55/-
Indigo Curled Nap 75/-



GIRL'S OR BOY'S OVERCOAT.

Made in all weights from Light tropical Serge to the heavy nap. Black or Gilt Buttons. From 50/-

W^M ROWE & CO LTD

BOYS & GIRLS TAILORS & COMPLETE SCHOOL OUTFITTERS

105 & 106, New Bond Street,
LONDON, W.

and at GOSPORT.

THE LIGHTS OF PARIS.

Trippers! Every train at the Gare Saint Lazare and at the Gare du Nord disgorges its human load of shop assistants, clerks, and artisans who



IN THE OPEN-AIR PRODUCTION OF SIR BASIL THOMSON'S PLAY: THE HON. PAMELA BALFOUR AND MR. ALAN LUBBOCK.

The Hon. Pamela Balfour took the rôle of Marda, and Mr. Alan Lubbock played Sir Walter Tyrrell in the production of "Rufus" at the Open Air Theatre, Fair Oak, Rogate. Miss Balfour is the eldest daughter of Lord and Lady Kinross.—[Photograph by T.P.A.]

have crossed the Channel for their holiday trip. Paris does not, perhaps, look its best, as it is going through the process of toilet-

making. But, despite that fact, the French capital is always charming; it remains the fascinating city to which trippers come in thousands. Their first experience of the boulevards at night, always alive with numerous passers-by and with multiple cafés with their outdoor terrasses, is most impressive. There lies the difference between the two capitals of the two Channel countries. Parisians live in the city—largely on its pavements! Londoners, when night comes, retire to suburbs and close their doors to the outer world. Then the trippers will not miss any of the monuments and places they have heard of. They will be whirled round in the great motor charabancs and will stop at the Madeleine, the Invalides, and other famous buildings (which are mostly for the moment robed in wooden lattice-work), and Versailles and Saint Cloud will also be visited.

From Across the Seas.

But visitors have not all come from the other side of the Channel. Two hundred women teachers have arrived from Canada, New Zealand,

South Africa, and Newfoundland. They have been received by the members of "La Bienvenue Française" at the Sorbonne. They have visited the Gobelins—where an exhibition of old and modern tapestries is just now being held—and the Panthéon. A great reception was held in their honour in the salons of M. Ch.-M. Widor (the great organist and Professor at the Conservatoire) at the Institut, where, after numerous—too numerous—discourses they were treated to an artistic performance of singing and

(Continued overleaf)



LADY KINROSS (LEFT) AS LADY SWINTON, AND MRS. VERNON MAGNIAC AS MRS. FLETCHER: A SNAPSHOT OF THE PRODUCTION OF "RUFUS." Lady Kinross played Lady Swinton in the open-air production of Sir Basil Thomson's play, "Rufus," which took place at the Open Air Theatre, Fair Oak, Rogate.—[Photograph by T.P.A.]

The Particular Value of ENO


and its superiority over all other preparations lie in its natural action, its fresh, invigorating, pleasant taste, and in the fact that ENO'S FRUIT SALT assists Nature without supplanting her methods.

ENO purifies the blood and cleanses the system with gentle yet persistent thoroughness, veritably washing away those particles of undesirable waste matter which go to make a "bad complexion." All who value health and internal cleanliness should drink ENO—just a small teaspoonful effervescing in a glass of water first thing every morning.

ENO'S FRUIT SALT

In Two Sizes Now—Of all Chemists

HOUSEHOLD	HANDY
SIZE	SIZE
3/-	1/9



The Eno Symbol of Happiness

J. C. ENO, LTD., LONDON, S.E.



By the Sea

on the Moors, the Mountains or River; the Open Road, the Links or the Lakes—wherever her holiday is spent a woman can wear pearls.

They are the one gem appropriate to any surroundings. They harmonise with any dress—look as charming and correct on jumper, blouse or jersey as on the richest evening gown, and give a finish to a woman's appearance that nothing else can.

All the best-dressed women wear them when holiday-making—either genuine pearls, or for preference the one perfect substitute that cannot be detected from the real—

Ciro Pearls

Sea or Mountain air has no effect upon the sheen or durability of CIRO PEARLS. They remain perfect in all climates, all weather and all conditions. Worn side by side with genuine pearls, they cannot be detected from the real.

Natural Oriental pearls cost a small fortune yet look no more beautiful than CIRO PEARLS, which reproduce the genuine gem in all its subtle colouring, superb lustre and delicate texture at a figure well within any woman's means. They possess the same weight and hardness and that indefinable 'something' that ensures Long Life.

If you come to our showrooms your own eyes will convince you, or, if you cannot, then avail yourself of

OUR UNIQUE OFFER

On receipt of One Guinea, we will send you a necklet of *Ciro Pearls*, 16 inches long, with clasp and case complete, or a Ring, Brooch, Ear-rings, or any other *Ciro Pearl Jewel* in hand-made gold settings. If, after comparing them with real or other artificial pearls, they are

not found equal to the former or superior to the latter, return them to us within fifteen days and we will refund your money. *Ciro Pearl Necklets* may also be obtained in any length required. We have a large staff of expert pearl stringers.

Latest descriptive booklet No. 5 post free on application.

Ciro Pearls Ltd.

39 Old Bond Street London W.1 Dev. 5

Our Showrooms are on the first floor, over Lloyds Bank. Near Piccadilly.



Gives Perfection to the Complexion

NOTHING EQUALS REGESAN CREAM for preserving and beautifying the skin and complexion. It has a definite tonic-action that is wonderfully refreshing, and a little applied to the face, neck and hands, acts as an admirable protection against the adverse effects of sun, wind and weather.

REGESAN CREAM is pure and emollient and does not encourage hair growth. It frees the pores of the skin from dust, and takes away blemishes.

Indispensable for the out-door girl and those who require a toilet preparation *better* than the average.

LADIES will find in the Toilet Department of **BOOTS The Chemists** every hygienic requisite that science has perfected for the preservation and care of the hair, the teeth, the skin and complexion.

Regesan Cream

1/9 and 1/- per pot.

OBTAINABLE FROM ALL BRANCHES OF

Over 100
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BOOTS PURE DRUG CO. LTD.

R.C.2

Continued.]

organ-playing by the Countess de Boisrouvray and M. Jacob.

Sewer Gondolas! Those who cannot rush to sea or mountain, and who are tired of strolling in the gardens of Paris, may, for a change, take a boat trip in the sewers! It is only a tiny excursion that you are allowed to take, twice a month—after having duly applied for authorisation. But, short as it is, you can escape for a moment from your daily worries and fancy yourself gliding in a gondola on the canals of Venice. On the Place de la Concorde there is a Métro-like entrance (rather shabbier in appearance) where a grave gentleman carefully selects those who have a right of entry. In the "gondola" there are the lady who is afraid of rats, the father with his children, the sailor who seeks reminders of the sea, the soldier on leave, and the serious man who wants a view of the "under side" of the world. There is some disappointment in finding no mystery in this well-cleaned tunnel which stretches to the Madeleine. Everything is silent. The noise of the traffic does not reach your ears. But the tune of a mandoline and the song of the boatman would largely increase the charm of that summer promenade!

A River Beach. Neither is it necessary to take a long train journey to reach some fashionable *plage*. There is, close to the capital, a beautiful sandy beach which has

the originality of not being by the sea. This spruce, lively, *chic*, green, and enflowered corner of the world bears the pretty name of L'Isle Adam. Green lawns and a great

bathers. There are a hundred cabins, bars, tennis-courts, and a thousand other things which are making of L'Isle Adam a future Deauville.



THE ORIENTAL DANCER IN "DECAMERON NIGHTS":
MISS ROSALIND WADE.

The dancing of Miss Rosalind Wade is one of the features of the beautiful spectacular show at Drury Lane, founded on Boccaccio.

Photograph by Stage Photo. Co.

Autumn Fashions. Perhaps the most interesting of Paris events is the opening of the dressmakers' shows. Jean Patou has made his exhibitions particularly attractive by giving them at night. Guests sit at table, a supper is served while the mannequins display his enticing creations. The "*répétition générale*"—as he calls it—is a most entertaining social gathering. Jean Patou has ruled out of his collection serge and velours de laine. He has given his preference to duvetyn and tricotine and cotton-backed velvet, and he retains his love for all the *crêpes*—marocain, romain—the pannes and the gorgeous lamés. He is not an enthusiast of the long dress. Day dresses do not reach the ankle, and evening dresses are just a little longer. The slender silhouette is his favourite, and the bare back recovers all its vogue. Brown, green, and black are among his preferred colours. He likes dark colours as long as they are relieved by some bright touch. There is, for example, a costume of black velvet with a red bodice. Another is trimmed with red leather. In his opinion, if the colour spot cannot find its place in the costume, it must be suggested in the hat. JEANNETTE.

To revitalize your Complexion

Your complexion needs more than protection, more than cleansing. It requires a tonic, it must be "toned up"—revitalized—if it is to retain that velvety softness and youthful freshness.

INGRAM'S MILKWEED CREAM will keep your complexion "young." It soothes irritation, protects the skin against the ravages of wind and weather, and keeps it toned up and in a healthy condition.

You can get INGRAM'S MILKWEED CREAM from most chemists—2/6 and 5/- sizes. If yours cannot supply you, write

"Sangers," 258, Euston Road, N.W.

Wholesale Distributors.

Ingram's Milkweed Cream

Corinne Griffiths is another of the many famous actresses who use and endorse Ingram's Milkweed Cream.

There is beauty in every jar.

If your Complexion is losing its Charm

you should drink Barley Water made from Robinson's "Patent" Barley. This refreshing and invigorating drink does more to restore the bloom of health to the cheeks than any artificial method. It wards off indigestion and builds up healthy tissue which is the basis of real skin beauty.

Pearl Barley should not be used, as it is frequently adulterated with chalk, which is injurious to the system.

Robinson's "Patent" Barley

RECIPE by a Famous Chef (Mr. H. HAMMOND, M.C.A., Chef de Cuisine, Thatched House Club).—Put the outside peel of two lemons into two quarts of water, add eight lumps of sugar and boil for ten minutes. To this add two dessert-spoonfuls of ROBINSON'S "PATENT" BARLEY, previously mixed to a smooth paste with a little cold water. Continue to boil for five minutes and allow to cool. When cold, strain off through fine muslin and add ice and lemon juice to taste.

KEEN, ROBINSON & CO., LTD.,
Denmark Street, London, E. 1.
(Incorporated with J. & J. COLMAN, LTD.,
London and Norwich.)



Deaf?

OVER 500,000 sufferers, including two Queens, one Duchess, many Peers and other titled persons, and one Prime Minister, have overcome their deafness with the aid of the Acousticon. *Why shouldn't you do the same?*

Why, for instance, should *you* be debarred from the pleasures of attending church, theatre, concert or conference? Why, when there is an instrument that will neutralise your deafness, should *you* be prevented from entering into conversation without difficulty and listening to music without effort?

We say in all seriousness, and with a due sense of responsibility, that the Acousticon will MASTER your deafness.

Harley Street recommends the

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Amongst other reasons, because the Acousticon is the instrument

- (1) Which can magnify sound up to 400 per cent.;
- (2) Which reproduces sound clearly, softly and naturally;
- (3) Which eliminates all hissing, spluttering and buzzing sounds;
- (4) Which covers every degree of deafness irrespective of the age of the sufferer or duration of the affliction;
- (5) Which is worn by Royalty.

MOREOVER, THE ACOUSTICON

- (6) Has the smallest, lightest, strongest and most comfortable earpiece made;
- (7) Is as inconspicuous as it is possible for any instrument of its kind to be.

FURTHER, THE ACOUSTICON IS

- (8) Worn regularly by more sufferers than any other instrument for the deaf; and is
- (9) Recommended by more leading Ear Specialists than all other instruments combined.

ACOUSTICON HOUSE,

18, Hanover Street, Regent Street, LONDON, W.1
14, St. Ann's Square, MANCHESTER. 66a, Bold Street, LIVERPOOL.
County Chambers, Corporation Street, BIRMINGHAM.
75, Buchanan Street, GLASGOW. 19, Shandwick Place, EDINBURGH, etc.

Call for a FREE TEST
without obligation

Before going to the dance



lightly powder your face and body with fragrant TALCUM-CLEAVER. It will keep you cool, comfy, and appealingly perfumed—an all-round satisfaction to the feminine spirit.

TALCUM-CLEAVER is the safest toilet powder you can use because it is rendered bacteria-proof by complete sterilization during manufacture. Add to this that TALCUM-CLEAVER is absorbent, antiseptic and fragrantly perfumed, with REFILLS available at a saving of threepence, and you have a toilet powder of exceptional character and value.

Ask your Chemist or Stores for



Talcum CLEAVER

The germ-proofed dusting powder in the patent refillable tin.

Price 1/3 Refills 1/-

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F. S. CLEAVER & SONS, LTD., Twickenham, Mdx., Eng.
Original makers of Cleavers' Terebene Soap.
Established 1770.

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LADIES' HOSIERY OF RELIABLE QUALITY AND MAKE



Super quality Cashmere Hose, reinforced feet, very soft and durable, most suitable for early autumn wear, in black, champagne, putty, dove, grey and nigger. Per pair **5/6**

Mercerised Lisle Hose, reinforced feet, most durable in wear, and of a very silky appearance, in putty, covert, coating, nigger, tan, brown, grey, silver, nude, black or white. Per pair **5/6**

Special Offer of Pure Silk Hosiery, embroidered clox, reliable French make, in 8½, 9, 9½ only. In tan, mole, brown, grey, and various other shades. Per pair **8/11**

Milanese Silk Hose, double soles and heels (Kayser make). In grey, beige, beaver, tan, brown, pearl, silver, nude or black. Per pair **12/11**



Pure Silk Hose, specially strengthened lisle feet and garter tops (Kayser make). In black, white, pearl, grey, beige, brown, nigger, silver, fawn or nude. Per pair **8/11**

Wide-ribbed Silk and Wool Mixture Hose. Suitable for either town or country wear. Delightfully soft and perfect fitting. In brown/white, grey/white or nigger/white. Per pair **15/11**

Super quality Lisle Hose, spliced feet, fully fashioned in putty, mole, antelope, oyster, beaver, coating, nigger, white or black, embroidered silk clox. Per pair **8/11**

HARVEY NICHOLS & CO., LTD., Knightsbridge, London, S.W. 1.

BRIDES & BRIDES-TO-BE : SOME ENGAGEMENTS & WEDDINGS.



MARRIED RECENTLY AT THE BRITISH EMBASSY CHURCH, PARIS: MRS. A. KNIGHT TURNER, FORMERLY MISS CLARA M. KNIGHT.



FORMERLY MISS NATALIE COURTENAY: MRS. G. G. RIVIÈRE.

MISS Clara Millicent Knight, of Whateley Hall, Castle Bromwich, Warwickshire, was married recently at the British Embassy Church, Paris, to Captain Archibald Knight Turner.

Mrs. G. G. Rivière is the daughter of the late Brigadier-General Courtenay, C.B., G.M.G., and of Mrs. Courtenay, of 7, Eaton Terrace, S.W. Her marriage to Mr. George Gilbey Rivière, second son of the late Henri Rivière, and of Mrs. Rivière, of 12a, Berkeley Square, W., took place last week.

Miss Dorothy Beatrice Seed is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. B. S. Seed, of Everthorpe Hall. Captain Edward Luttrell Grimston Byrom is the son of the late Mr. Edward Byrom, D.L., of Culver, Devon. The Grimston family records date back to the days of William the Conqueror, and the bridegroom



THE MARRIAGE OF CAPT. E. L. GRIMSTON BYROM AND MISS DOROTHY B. SEED: THE BRIDE AND BRIDEGROOM.

succeeded to the Kilnwick estate upon the death of his mother. The bridesmaids attending the bride were Miss Monica H. Jeff, Miss Edna C. Seed, Miss Avicé Gieve, and Miss Queenie Rushbrooke. Mr. Edward Daun acted as best man.

The Hon. Betty Holmes à Court is the younger daughter of Colonel Lord Heytesbury and Lady Heytesbury, of Heytesbury, Wilts. Her engagement to Lieutenant Vivian J. Robinson, R.N., youngest son of Mrs. Robinson, Henford, Warminster, and the late Arthur Robinson, of Henbury, near Bristol, has been announced.



TO MARRY LT. V. J. ROBINSON, R.N.: THE HON. BETTY HOLMES A COURT.



TO MARRY MR. FRANCIS D. M. CRACKANTHORPE: MISS LILLIAN CARY-ELWES.



Don't forget La-rola when packing

When on holiday, a bottle of the famous skin emollient—

BEETHAM'S
La-rola

(as pre-war)

is just the thing to save you a multitude of minor annoyances. Redness, roughness, heat, and irritation of skin under changes of climate are unknown to the woman who regularly uses this excellent skin food before and after exposure to sun, wind, or sea bathing.

From all Chemists and Stores in bottles 1/6 & 2/6.

PALE COMPLEXIONS

may be greatly improved by just a touch of "LA-ROLA ROSE BLOOM," which gives a perfectly natural tint to the cheeks. No one can tell it is artificial. It gives

THE BEAUTY SPOT!
Boxes 1/-

M. BEETHAM & SON,
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not **Electrolysis** *not* **a Depilatory**

The Solray Trade Mark

Consultations invited without any obligation.

Permanent Cure Guaranteed

ANY HAIR GROWTH permanently and painlessly destroyed by **AN ENTIRELY NEW METHOD**

THE SOLRAY CO. (HELEN CRAIG), 15, Hanover Street, Regent Street, W.1



Agents Everywhere.

TO be mounted on a TRIUMPH is to enjoy Cycling at its BEST. The lure of the countryside makes an irresistible appeal to the Tourist.

Good views and beautiful Scenery, together with many other delightful pleasures associated with cycling, are open to the possessor of a TRIUMPH cycle. Mounted on one of these famous machines you have the assurance of unfailing service, together with the feeling of comfort, while the ease of control and perfect balance are most exceptional.

Motor or Cycle Catalogue sent Post Free on request.

Triumph Cycle Co., Ltd., Coventry.

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TRIUMPH

For business or pleasure motoring the **TRUSTY TRIUMPH** is supreme. Low operating cost is but one of the many splendid features of this famous motor cycle. There is an added advantage in the fact that it can be obtained on Generous Monthly Terms.



Make a habit

of visiting St. Dunstan's Shop, as in addition to the very useful and excellent articles made by war-blinded men, you will find an ever changing stock of artistic pieces of furniture, oriental china, lamp shades, etc., suitable for daily use, or as a present which would be lasting and beautiful.

Apart from knowing you have an excellent article at a reasonable price you are also helping forward the work of St. Dunstan's.

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AN EARLY AUTUMN HAT FOR THE MOORS AND SPORTS WEAR

This latest idea is carried out in a splendid quality of French Velour Plush trimmed narrow band and a bow at side. Very flexible and easy fitting.

The following colours are in stock. Cedar, Tan, Gray, Mauve, Royal, Jade, Tomato, Cerise, Biscuit, Saxe, White, and Black,

35/6

Post Free to any address in British Isles

PETTIGREW & STEPHENS Ltd.
SAUCHIEHALL STREET, GLASGOW

THE FASHION FOR FOX FUR STOLES at Summer Prices

There is a distinct fashion for whole-skin animal-shape Fox Ties. We anticipated this demand some time ago, and made an exceptional purchase of specially selected Hudson Bay White Fox skins. These skins have been dyed to the fashionable slate and Celestial grey shades, and will be offered for sale until the end of September at considerably below the prices ruling to-day.

HANDSOME SLATE DYE FOX
ANIMAL-SHAPE FUR TIE (as sketch),
worked from very fine full silky skins.

PRICE
25 Gns.

Also in natural white and Celestial grey at the same price.

SCHOOL OUTFITS.

We have made a special study of School Outfits for Children and Young Ladies, and all orders are carried out by a well-equipped staff of assistants who have a thorough and practical knowledge of school requirements.

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It gets better and better every day.

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It is printed on white paper in clear type.

It is bright but not sensational.

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It appeals to women as well as men.

Its Ladies' Page is the best in London.

It gives more City News than any other evening paper.

It gives the fullest Tape Prices.

Read the
"Pall Mall Gazette,"

then tell your friends about it!

ONE PENNY.]

[ONE PENNY.



Miss Annette Benson in her "L.B." Felt.

Photo by Arbuthnot.

**A Colonial Type.
No. 721**

Made in various fittings, in
White, Champagne, Putty
and Pearl.

Indian or Colonial Soft Felt
Hat, bound edge,
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Write for Illus. Catalogue.

Agents throughout the Kingdom. Selection on approval from:
LINCOLN BENNETT & CO., LTD., 40, PICCADILLY, LONDON.



Women who use POND'S

The Seaside Girl

The blazing sun, strong sea winds and bathing have nothing but pleasure for the modern girl. She uses the world's two most perfect creams—Pond's Vanishing Cream and Pond's Cold Cream.

For day use, Pond's—the original—Vanishing Cream preserves and beautifies the complexion, keeping it at all times soft, supple and delicately white. Pond's disappears immediately into the skin—leaving no trace save a delicate perfume of Jacqueminot Roses.

Pond's Cold Cream should be used at night just before retiring, and gently massaged into the face, neck, hands and arms. Because it supplements the natural oil of the skin, Pond's Cold Cream obliterates redness, roughness and skin blemishes, and prevents lines and wrinkles.

The use of these two creams regularly protects the complexion against all the elements, and, while protecting, beautifies in a wondrous manner. Pond's Creams never promote the growth of hair.

"TO SOOTHE AND SMOOTH YOUR SKIN"

Both Creams of all chemists and stores in handsome opal jars, 1/3 and 2/6; also collapsible tubes, 7½d. (handbag size) and 1/-

Pond's Cold Cream and Vanishing Cream

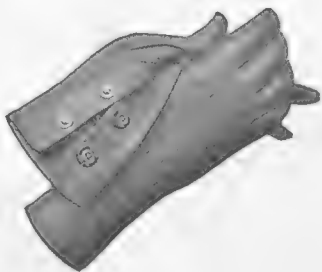
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QUALITY, not cost, indicates value, but in either respect Dent's gloves will bear searching analysis.

A vast organization, world-wide resources, and two centuries of cumulative skill enables Dent's to produce gloves of singular elegance, quality and shapeliness. When you see Dent's "D" you cannot obtain better gloves or higher value.



Ask to see
Dent's Pique Cape

WHITE TEETH



GELLÉ FRÈRES'S


WORLD FAMOUS

DENTIFRICES

**MATCHLESS
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**DELIGHTFULLY
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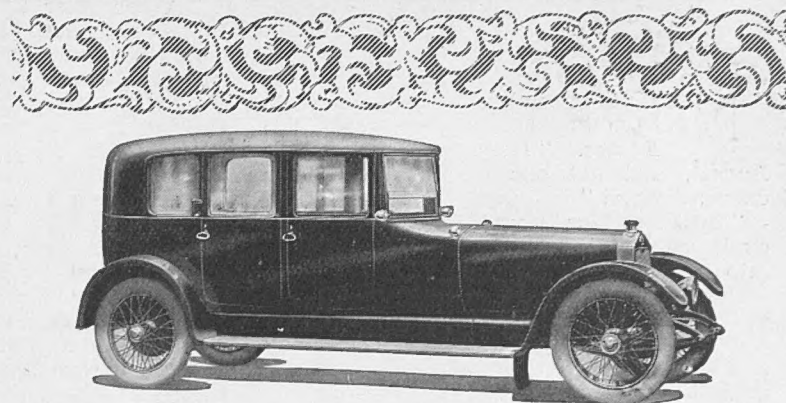
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VERY OLD GIN

DRY CURAÇAO
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The Lanchester "Forty" *An Appreciation.*

"I should like to say that I am delighted with the running of my new Lanchester 'Forty' and find it at least 10 miles per hour faster than my — and certainly very much better as regards acceleration. It is the best sprung Car I have ever driven, and from the experience I have had with it, if I were in the market again to-morrow for a new machine, I should select a Lanchester in preference to the — or any other make."

We shall be glad to show the original of the above to anyone interested.

THE LANCHESTER MOTOR COMPANY, LTD.,

Armourer Mills,
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Manchester.



To call a Whisky
"Liqueur"—

does not make it so. To call for MACKINLAY'S (M.L.) Liqueur SCOTCH WHISKY makes you sure of getting a whisky that IS Scotch, IS Old, IS Liqueur. The unblemished record of more than one hundred years is proof, and—the particular palate proves the proof.

13/6
Per Bottle

MACKINLAY'S

ML Liqueur
SCOTCH WHISKY

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Distillers & Blenders, Leith
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It is Blended where it is Distilled, and Bottled where it is Blended. That is why "There's a Highland Flavour About It."



There's worth in Kenilworth

The "Kenilworth" crop now being used has developed magnificently in store, and is making the finest Virginians procurable to-day at any price. Yet Kenilworths only cost 1/6 for 20; 3/8 for 50; 7/4 for 100.

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CITY NOTES.

FINANCE IN A FIRST-CLASS CARRIAGE.

"NEVER remember such a thing to have happened before," said The Broker. "Here's the middle of August, and not one of us away. Very extraordinary!"

"Speaking for myself," The Merchant explained, "I want to get a boy of mine into the Bank of England. Does anyone know if it's difficult?"

The City Editor answered that there was a tolerably easy exam. "And if the boy has matriculated, I think the Bank dispenses with the examination."

"Don't you require a Nomination from a Director?" asked The Merchant.

The City Editor said he thought this was desirable, though not by any means essential. "It's really the personal interview with the Secretary that counts," he added.

"Like a budding Cadet's talk with the Admirals, eh?"

"Same idea. If the Secretary is satisfied with the lad's behaviour, address, and general manner, the boy is quite likely to get a vacancy if there's one to be had."

"What's the pay?"

"About a hundred and fifty it starts with, I fancy, but it may vary a little in different departments. Easy hours, of course, and a ripping Sports Club, somewhere near Richmond."

The Merchant thanked him. "I think I'll write about it," said he. "Sounds a good opening."

"All the boys want to be engineers nowadays," remarked The Broker. "They've mighty little idea of what kind of engineer, or what the training involves."

"A youngster I know who got his BSc., Engineering, last year, is now driving a motor-lorry for three pounds ten a week, and thankful to get even a job like that."

"Pretty rotten, isn't it? But, of course, things will get better in time, and, after all, the chap has the training which will enable him to take a decent berth as soon as the chance comes along."

"A youngster I met the other day," said the Engineer, "has just been offered three hundred a year on one of the Indian gold-mines. Oh, yes; he took it."

"And I know a boy of eighteen who went off to Gibraltar last month for the Eastern Telegraph Company. His screw is something like fifteen pounds a month, with free quarters; he has to pay for his own clothes and messing. Part of the salary is war bonus, I think, so it may come down."

"Well," said The Merchant, "if I had my time over again—"

"Dear Old Methuselah!"

"—I would go abroad like a shot. Not that I think Great Britain is played out, but there's greater scope in the less thickly populated lands. That's how it appeals to me, anyway."

"Ah, well, it's fortunate we are not all made alike. Some are more speculative than others."

"Which is lucky for the Stock Exchange," put in The Jobber. "And it is still more lucky that the majority of people are born with a dash of the gambler in their veins."

"Those old Randfonteins of yours have been putting their best foot foremost," commented The Merchant. "Pity I didn't buy more than a hundred when you wanted me to."

"Your own fault, dear lad. And when I tell you, as I do, to lay in a few Randfontein Centrals, you'll say, 'I will think about it.'"

"Now, look here, Brokie, didn't you tell us yourself that you couldn't expect to be right every time?"

"Never mind. You buy some Randfontein Centrals, and Johnnies' Investment, and see what happens."

"One of your famous long-shots?"

"They'll pay you better than those precious German marks you were so keen about. Nice loss you've let yourself in for."

"And I'm not the only one, by long chalks. All my friends have got them. Every man Jack."

"And many a woman Jill, too. It's rather amusing in a way; not to say ironical. We won the war; and, after that, we paid the blighters far too much for their beastly currency."

"Hoping to make a profit out of it," The Broker judiciously pointed out. "Never mind; you can't be right every time."

"Well and truly hit!" The Jobber laughed. "Next victim, please."

"I can't make up my mind whether to have a few Chartered or a few Shells," The Merchant said. "What do you think of Mex. Eagles?"

"That's a regular poser," confessed The Broker. "The shares look too low to sell, and yet one is afraid to buy them. Every-one is asking us; it's jolly hard to know what to say for the best"—and he sighed heavily.

"The Seven Per Cent. Preferences ought to be all right."

"They ought, but I don't know: I should feel very inclined to cut a small loss and be done with the worry. I'm sticking to my Ordinary shares, though; I've got a nasty loss on them now, of course."

The Jobber got up to alight. "One can't be right every time, can one, Brokie?" said he, sweetly.

Friday, Aug. 11, 1922.

The only Successful Method of Removing all Traces of Age.



BY a wonderful scientific method known as the Hystogène Treatment, facial blemishes are corrected in one to three short visits. The face after treatment looks years younger. Puffs, rings, wrinkles and flabbiness around the eyes are removed, mouth lines disappear, sagging face is lifted, and the contour of youth restored. These remarkable results are accomplished without the use of massage, lotions, creams, pomades, steaming or paraffin injection. The Hystogène method has superseded all old, time-worn remedies. It is the only system which absolutely removes every ugly blemish from the face, either resulting from age or any other cause.

The following imperfections can be corrected permanently; the process is both painless and harmless:

Sagging Cheeks or Face, Imperfect Facial Contour, Loose and Baggy Skin under the Eyes, Flabby and Wrinkled Eyelids, Overhanging, Fallen and Bulging Eye-brows, Crow's Feet, Wrinkles, Ugly Frown Lines, Lines from Nose to Mouth, Drooping Mouth Corners, Imperfect Nose, Outstanding Ears, Receding Chin, Unrefined Complexion.

Call or write for Booklet "FACIAL PERFECTION," sent sealed on receipt of 6d.

Established 1910.

Hours from 10 a.m. to 5 p.m.

"HYSTOGENE," The FACIAL SPECIALIST,
40, Baker St., Portman Sq., London, W.1. Telephone: Mayfair 5846.

ELECTRIC PLANTS for COUNTRY HOMES

YOU do not know what an Electric Plant can do for your country house until you have installed one. In addition to supplying you with a cheap and reliable supply of Electric Light, the current can be used for one-hundred-and-one domestic purposes inside the house, and for various duties on the farm.

Our 35 years' specialised experience we gladly place at your disposal in advising you upon the most suitable, efficient and economical installation.

The Edmundson way of installing electricity is the most sensible way. The plant to be used is not indiscriminately chosen, for you know that you are receiving expert advice upon a matter in which the uninitiated are liable to go wrong.

Edmundson's
ELECTRICITY CORPORATION, LIMITED.

BROAD SANCTUARY CHAMBERS
11, Tothill Street, Westminster, S.W.1
Over 40 Branches throughout the United Kingdom.



Write us details of your house, the number of rooms, and we will gladly advise you by return regarding the most suitable plant to install. We also are prepared to send an expert engineer to any part of the United Kingdom to estimate for a complete installation on the most up-to-date lines.

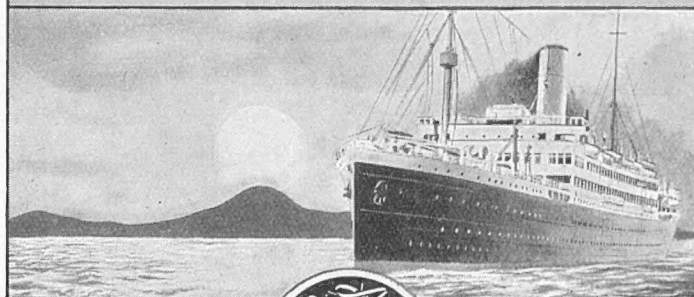


*Sandy
Macdonald
Scotch Whisky*

A RARE EXAMPLE
... OF THE ...
BLENDERS' ART

MACDONALD GREENLEES &
WILLIAMS (Distillers) Ltd.
Leith, London and Aberdeen.

South America



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THE PACIFIC STEAM NAVIGATION COMPANY
GOREE WATER STREET
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Also at Liverpool, Manchester, Birmingham, Glasgow and Southampton.



Health amid the Heather.

*After a day with the Gun—
then a bath with Lifebuoy.*

*Lifebuoy Soap
is the bathroom
companion of
all good
sportsmen.*

THE joy of the Moors when Grouse shooting commences—the early start—the long tramp among the heather—the satisfaction of a good bag—the return in the evening with the feeling of healthy fatigue stealing over one.

It is then that every sportsman's thoughts turn to his bath, and there is no better bath than the one with Lifebuoy Soap. The health-giving and invigorating properties of Lifebuoy make you feel a new man, and add zest to the appreciation of your dinner.

Lifebuoy Soap is brimful of health.

Wash face and hands with it—

Bathe with it—Shampoo with it.



*The name LEVER on Soap is a
Guarantee of Purity and Excellence.*

LIFEBUOY SOAP

LEVER BROTHERS LIMITED, PORT SUNLIGHT.

ALL Kodaks and Brownies have recently been reduced in price. Here are some of the latest models.

No. 1 Autographic Kodak Junior—the “Kodak” for the holidays. It is small and light, easy to handle and efficient in use. And it has the advantage of the Autographic Feature—the device that enables you to write the title or date on the film when you take the picture. The No. 1 Kodak Junior fitted with Single Lens and Kodak Ball Bearing Shutter takes pictures $3\frac{1}{4} \times 2\frac{1}{4}$. Price £8-0-0

Vest Pocket Kodak with Meniscus Achromatic Lens and Ball-bearing Shutter. Fits the waistcoat pocket and takes capital little pictures $2\frac{1}{2} \times 1\frac{5}{8}$. And it is Autographic too. Price 35/-.

No. 1a Autographic Kodak Special, fitted with Range Finder and Kodak Anastigmat Lens f.6.3. Takes pictures $4\frac{1}{4} \times 2\frac{1}{2}$. Price £14-14-0.

There are many more models. Call at your nearest Kodak dealer's and ask to see them.

INDIA:
Bombay, Calcutta.
SOUTH AFRICA:
Cape Town, Johannesburg, Durban.
SHANGHAI.
SINGAPORE.
NEW ZEALAND.
AUSTRALIA.



Don't waste your holiday—take a “Kodak”

Holidays always seem to finish so suddenly, don't they? The long, lazy days when you can please yourself whether you do something or nothing come to an end all at once and, before you know where you are, you find yourself face to face with another fifty weeks of work. Well—you would not mind half so much if you brought back, not just a few hazy memories, but a collection of snapshots which you yourself had taken with your own “Kodak”—snapshots of the friends you made, of the sailing, the swimming, the golf, tennis or cricket you played together. It makes all the difference—try it! You can learn to use a “Kodak” in half-an-hour.

Bring back your holiday in your “Kodak”

Kodak Limited, Kingsway, London, W.C. 2.